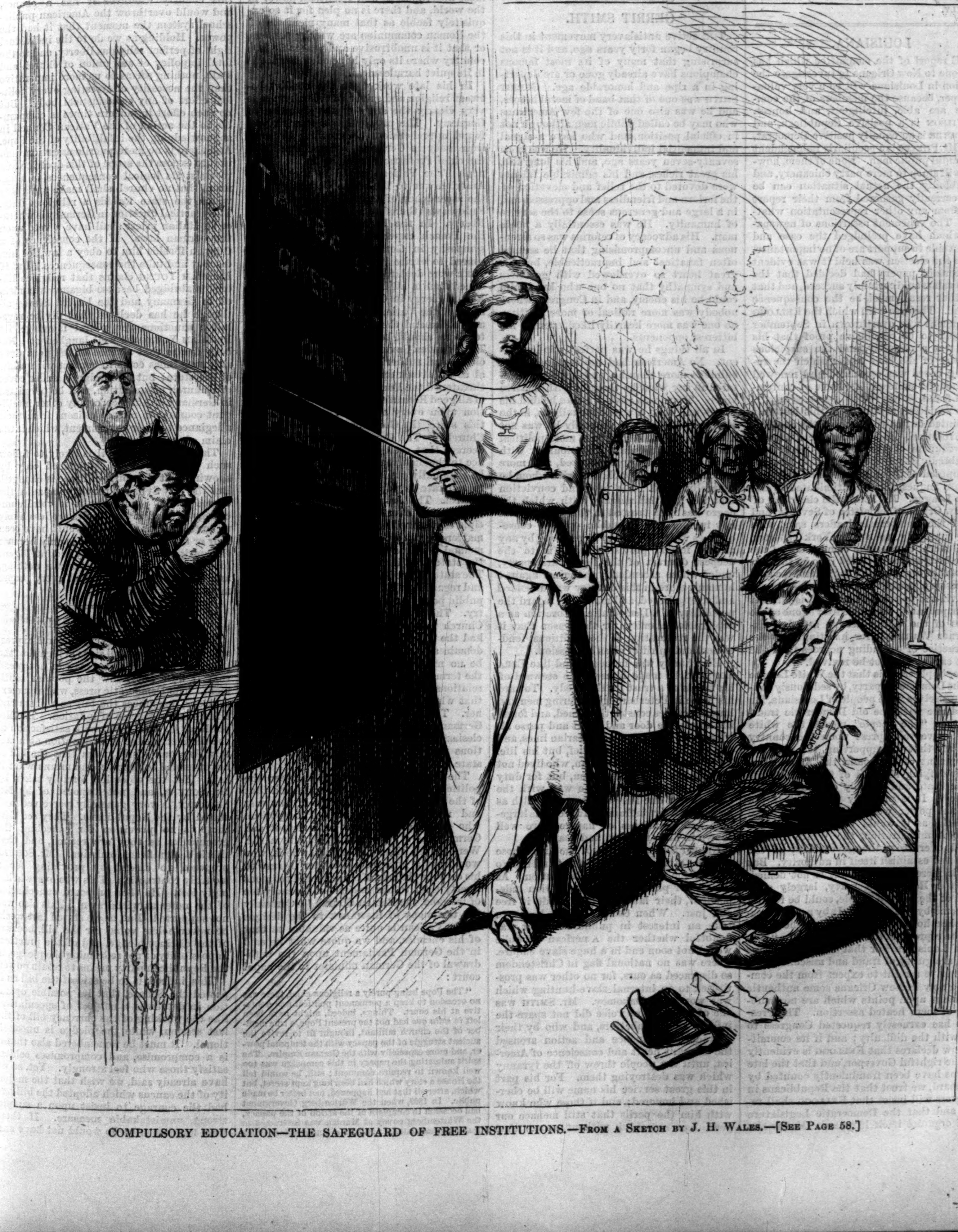
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

VOL. XIX.—No. 942.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.



COMPULSORY EDUCATION—THE SAFEGUARD OF FREE INSTITUTIONS.—FROM A SKETCH BY J. H. WALES.—[SEE PAGE 58.]

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR POSTAGE FREE.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, on receipt of Four Dollars.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 16, 1875.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously an*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing a very interesting account of Modern Monks and Nuns, embellished with sketches of the Mount St. Bernard Monastery, in England; a series of sketches of travel in Colombia, South America; and an attractive Holiday picture.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

LOUISIANA.

THE report of the committee which has gone to New Orleans to investigate the situation in Louisiana will be a very valuable paper, because the members of the committee are able, intelligent, and honest. Mr. WILSON is a positive Republican, and Mr. POTTER is an equally positive Democrat, while Mr. PHELPS is a peculiarly independent and candid public man. None of them, however, will stoop to mere party chicanery, and undoubtedly the actual situation can be more correctly gathered from their report than from any other representation whatever. The vehement assertions of newspapers which have prejudged the case and taken a side to support are of no importance. Before the election was held it was evident that certain papers had decided that the Democrats would certainly succeed, and that any other result must be the consequence of fraud. The ease with which the KELLOGG government was overthrown in September was held to be conclusive proof that his party was a minority, and the suspicious character of the laws under which the returning board was organized and renewed was thought sufficient evidence of contemplated fraud.

The suspicion arising from this last fact we pointed out at the time of the September revolution. But the apparent numerical weakness of the KELLOGG party was undoubtedly due to the fact that it is largely composed of the colored voters, and that they are unquestionably intimidated by the White League. Mr. MARR, the chairman of the New Orleans Committee of Seventy, and one of the Democratic leaders, says, with great simplicity, to a New York reporter, that General OGDEN, the commander of the White League, has declared it to be the purpose of that organization to "guarantee and, if necessary, protect the colored race in every civil and political right." It is for that reason, probably, that the editor of one of the organs of the White League attacked ex-Governor WARMOTH for insisting that the old practice of excluding negroes from the street cars should not be revived.

The simple truth is that the White League and the Democratic party, by sedulously calling themselves "the people of Louisiana," in accordance with the old Democratic tradition that "the people" means the white class, strive to impress upon the country the idea that in supporting the existing government of Louisiana the Administration is defying the will of the inhabitants of the State and terribly oppressing "the people." It is probably true that if the national power were withdrawn or were withheld, as it would be under a Democratic Administration, the White League would overthrow the government of the State and establish itself in authority. But that is merely to say, what is not denied, that the Republican party, largely composed of the colored people, could be readily overcome by the whites. It by no means establishes, however, the fact that the White League represents the only or the true "people of Louisiana," or that the Republicans alone are guilty of fraud and misconduct.

We have a right to expect from the committee now in New Orleans some authentic statement upon points which are now subjects of mere heated assertion. The President has earnestly requested Congress to deal with the difficulty; and if its committee now declares that KELLOGG is evidently not the rightful Governor, and that the late returns have been fraudulently counted by the board, we trust that the Republicans in Congress will insist that KELLOGG shall retire, and that the Democratic Legislature shall organize itself in peace. Meanwhile the constitutional duty of the Administration is plain, and there is no doubt that it will be fully discharged. Mr. MARR, who seems to be a droll gentleman, says that General SHERIDAN did not make himself socially acceptable when he was last in New Orleans. He certainly did not, and no other loyal officer of the United States would have been socially acceptable there. The sentiment of New Orleans "society" was, and apparently is, hostile to the United States and its government, and that feeling, quite as much as radical fraud and oppression, is the spring of the troubles in Louisiana. One of the organs of the White League covers SHERIDAN with ribald insults in the worst spirit of the war, and that, we suppose, is the voice of "the people" of Louisiana. These things following upon the elections are significant. Already they arrest public attention. The real tendencies of the situation are not to be studied in the rhetoric of the Manhattan Club supper-table in New York, but in events in the late slave and rebel States, and in the spirit manifested wherever the rebel party has obtained ascendency.

GERRIT SMITH.

THE active antislavery movement in this country began forty years ago, and it is not surprising that many of its most famous champions have already gone or are departing in a ripe and honorable age. GERRIT SMITH was one of that band of moral heroes, and he was also one of the few Americans who may be called public men although not in official position, and who have a signal and influential individuality. He was born seventy-seven years ago, and his long life, his great riches, and his admirable talents were devoted to the relief and elevation of the forlorn and friendless and oppressed, and in a large and generous sense to the service of humanity. He was essentially a noble man. His advocacy of reforms was so strenuous and uncompromising that he seemed often fanatical and impracticable, but his great heart so overflowed with goodness and sympathy that no one who knew him could be his enemy, and in Congress, where nobody was more radical or more positive, no one was more heartily liked, even by his bitterest opponents.

In all things he was perfectly independent. No American had the courage of his opinions more than he, and he never hesitated to say what he thought with incisive vigor. There was always a man behind his words, and that, a wise man tells us, is the secret of eloquence. Naturally he was not a bigoted partisan. He was more political than the Garrisonian Abolitionists, with whom he most truly fraternized, and more radical than the Republicans, with whom he generally acted. His profound conviction that the long inhumanity with which the negro has been treated in this country has left in him and in public opinion consequences which are not to be removed by any merely formal provision led him to the deepest distrust of the Democratic party, under whose ascendency the crime against human nature in this country was defended and strengthened, and made him regard the possibility of a Democratic restoration as a deplorable calamity, for the reason that it was the restoration of the traditions, tendencies, and spirit of class oppression.

His charity was immense, and like EZRA CORNELL, he made himself the steward of his riches as a trust for the needy. Toward his home in Peterborough suffering men and humane causes constantly turned, and found his hospitable door and heart and purse always open. He knew no sectarian lines, and did not regard a man's belief, but his life. A brave, good, beneficent man, who lived not for ease and selfish ambition, but for duty and the general welfare, he was, with the exception of one illness, robust in health as he was stalwart in frame. Indeed, his largeness and manliness of nature were well shown in his lofty form and bearing.

GERRIT SMITH was one of the men whose service to this country was not inferior to that of the fathers of the Revolution. As the earlier patriots made the nation independent, their later brethren made it free and just. When GERRIT SMITH began to take an interest in public affairs it was doubtful whether the American republic would not soon end in a huge slave empire. There was no national flag in Christendom so disgraced as ours, for no other was prostituted to an internal slave-hunting which was worthy of Dahomey. Mr. SMITH was one of those whose voice did not spare the infamy and its abettors, and who by their courageous eloquence and action aroused the dormant heart and conscience of America, until the people threw off the tyranny which was destroying them. For his part in this great service his name will be cherished and honored; and if those who know with him the perils that still menace our peace can not think without sorrow that the noble heart and lion port and uncompromising conscience of GERRIT SMITH have now become only a memory, they will not forget that they are also an inspiration.

BISMARCK AND THE POPE.

IT is a part of the political game of the Roman Church to represent the German Government as persecuting and intolerant, and in this warfare it is aided in Europe and in this country by all who wish to propitiate the ecclesiastical power and secure the votes of its subjects. But all sagacious observers and thinkers are aware of the great effort which that Church, which so long terrorized the world and withstood civilization, is making to restore something of its old power; and BISMARCK in resolutely resisting its efforts, and GLADSTONE in exposing its purpose, are fighting the old battle of humanity against ecclesiastical despotism. It is a contest in which the sympathy of all intelligent men must be against the Jesuitism which controls the Roman policy, and with those who are neither frightened nor cajoled by it. The Roman hierarchy has always been the most unscrupulous and relentless power in the world, and there is no plea for it so exquisitely feeble as that many members of the Roman communion are worthy persons, or that it is unobtrusive and peaceable in a country where its only hope of sufferance is in its quiet harmlessness.

In his late work upon the conflict between religion and science, Dr. DRAPER tells very clearly the story of the situation in Germany. The papacy has seen with profound apprehension the growing Prussian supremacy in Germany, because Prussia is the chief Protestant power upon the Continent. The Vatican hoped in the Prusso-Austrian war to Romanize Germany under the ascendency of Austria. The victory at Sadowa was therefore a triumph of religious liberty. In the French and German war the French expected the aid of Catholic sympathy in Germany. No means were spared to excite it. The followers of LUTHER were declared to be "the most abandoned men in all Europe." A party of the Roman clergy in Germany protested. The reply of the Vatican was excommunication and a demand that certain professors and teachers should be removed by the state. The Prussian Government refused. The ecclesiastical authorities denounced the refusal as an attack upon faith, and their organ threatened the Emperor with the opposition of all good Romanists. This forced the question upon every mind, "Who is master in this state, the Government or the Roman Church?" The Government most properly decreed that ecclesiastics abusing their office to the disturbance of good order should be criminally punished, and took measures to separate the schools from ecclesiastical control. The Jesuits meanwhile were organizing all over Germany upon the principle that state legislation in ecclesiastical matters is not binding. The Bishop of Ermeland declared that he would not obey the state laws if they touched the Church. The state stopped the payment of his salary, and regarding the Jesuits as enemies of the public peace, expelled them from the country. The Pope replied that the Roman Church was persecuted, and that it alone had the right to fix the limits between its domain and that of the state. There could be no more intolerable doctrine, for under the term morals the Church includes all the relations of men to each other, and asserts that whatever does not assist her oppresses her. Thereupon the laws were passed in Germany which regulate the exercise of ecclesiastical authority, and close the institutions that refuse to be supervised by the state.

The contest in Germany is between the political sovereignty of the state and that of the Church. The defenders of this vast and remorseless ecclesiastical despotism, who denounce BISMARCK as a despot and Germany as a military empire, bite a file. Were he ten times the autocrat he is, who would not a hundredfold rather intrust to his care the chances of political and religious liberty than to the ancient and deadly foe of freedom, the Roman Church? Certainly the testimony of BISMARCK to the designs of the Vatican is quite as valuable as that of his enemies, and we quote what he said in the German Parliament upon the withdrawal of the German minister to the papal court:

> "The Pope being purely a religious chief, there was no occasion to keep a permanent political representative at his court. Things, indeed, might have been left *in statu quo* had not the present Pope, a true member of the church militant, thought fit to revive the ancient struggle of the papacy with the temporal power, and more especially with the German Empire. The spirit animating the papacy in this campaign was too well known to require comment; still, he would tell the House a story which had been long kept secret, but which, after all that had happened, had better be made public. In 1869, when the Würtemberg Government had occasion to complain of the action of the papacy, the Würtemberg envoy at Munich was instructed to make representations; and in a conversation which passed between the envoy and the Nuncio, the latter said the Roman Church was free only in America, and perhaps England and Belgium. In all other countries the Roman Church had to look to revolution as the sole means of securing her rightful position. This, then, was the view of the priestly diplomatist stationed at Munich in 1869, and formerly representing the Vatican at Paris. Well, the revolution so ardently desired by the Vatican did not come to pass, but we had the war of 1870 instead. Gentlemen, I am in possession of conclusive evidence proving that the war of 1870 was the combined work of Rome and France, that the Œcumenical Council was cut short on account of the war, and that very different votes would have been taken by the Council had the French been victorious. I know from the very best sources that the Emperor NAPOLEON was dragged into the war very much against his will by the Jesuitical influences rampant at his court, that he strove hard to resist those influences, that in the eleventh hour he determined to maintain peace, that he stuck to this determination for half an hour, and that he was ultimately overpowered by persons representing Rome."

This is precisely the contest which the Church contemplates in the effort which it is making to recover its old power. It is the contest which it would wage in any country in which it felt itself to be strong enough. The same arrogant spirit which wrestles with BISMARCK is that which is constantly seeking political ascendency in this country wherever it has a chance, and would overthrow the American public-school system the moment that it had the power. Holding as we do to the individual right of perfect religious liberty, and to the fatal impolicy of any union of church and state, nothing seems to us more imperative than the necessity of arresting every political effort of any ecclesiastical body. But no such effort in modern times is comparable to the action of the Vatican Council in acknowledging the infallibility of the Pope. And there is no more puerile assertion than that to expose the scope of this doctrine and to resist its logical consequences is a demand that no church shall make any thing which the state forbids a religious duty. The practical question in Germany is whether an Italian priest shall have a veto upon the German laws. If the conscience of a German forbids him to obey a law, let him disobey and take the consequences. But if BRIGHAM YOUNG claims that religious liberty is abridged because bigamy is punished in Germany and the United States although he has declared that divine revelation sanctions the plural marriage, let BRIGHAM YOUNG be well laughed at. Nobody denies that a sense of religious duty may sometimes come in conflict with a law of the state; but no foreigner, under cover of a church organization, will be permitted in Germany or America, or any other intelligent country, to release citizens from their allegiance to their government, which is the claim of the Vatican.

That no practical evil is likely to follow such a claim can be established only by showing that the spirit of Rome is changed. But the very Syllabus that accompanies the decree is the proof that it is totally unchanged. And if the results are less likely to be calamitous than they would have been four or five centuries ago, it is only because the spirit of liberty is to-day too intelligent to suppose that the claim means nothing, and too vigilant not to adopt every proper measure to withstand it.

THE FINANCE BILL.

THERE has been a very general expression of opinion upon all sides in regard to the financial bill, and Congress can not plead that it does not know the popular sentiment. The Democratic press, with some exceptions, denounces the bill as a sham and a farce and a scheme of inflation. The Republican journals point with satisfaction to the distinct pledge of resumption at a certain day, and justly claim that the bill is not intended to deceive, and means what it says. Yet the objection forcibly taken by Mr. SCHURZ, and not disposed of by Mr. SHERMAN, is very generally perceived and stated by the Republicans. They see that there is no provision for canceling the greenbacks as they are retired, and that this is a significant omission. Mr. SCHURZ proposed to amend by providing for a monthly contraction. This was overwhelmingly lost. He then proposed cancellation of the notes as withdrawn. This also was not supported. But, as we stated last week, he nevertheless voted for the bill, because of the distinct pledge, and of the practical impossibility of not redeeming the pledge, if the Republican party means to retain power.

This, indeed, is to be said of the bill as it passed the Senate, that its possible operation in details is a subject of speculation, like the working of the currency bill of the last session, while the pledge is unconditional. It must be remembered also that it is a compromise, and compromises seldom satisfy those who feel strongly. Yet, as we have already said, we wish that the majority of the caucus which adopted the bill had had the courage to insist upon a simple, strong, unmistakable measure. If there were Republicans who would not have sustained it, they might have left the caucus, but the party would have been stronger without them. The quality that Republican leadership now demands beyond all others is courage. That intelligent public opinion which is Republican, but dissatisfied with Republican management, and which showed its dissatisfaction at the election, demands a defined and decided policy in the direction of the bill, but going farther than its provisions. The law as it passed the Senate does not, indeed, prohibit the canceling of the notes, nor does it authorize their re-issue. Certainly while Mr. Bristow is Secretary, and while the President holds his present positive views, the notes will not be re-issued. And if a Secretary may exercise his discretion in issuing, there is no reason in the bill why he should not exercise it in canceling.

Meanwhile the Democrats, who, rousing from their amusing consternation, have been sneering at the bill as a sham, have a very simple and obvious way of showing that they think it a sham. Several of the Democratic Senators during the debate said that they would gladly vote for a bill which would really lead to resumption, and their fellow-partisans have only to propose such a bill in the House. In some quarters there is a loud assertion that the Democratic party is a hard-money party. The Republicans make the same declaration, and point to their pledge of resumption on a fixed day. Let the Democrats bring them to the test. That they are the minority is not the least bar to such a course. For if the Democrats solidly support a more stringent hard-money bill than this of the Senate, and it is defeated by the Republicans, the Democrats will occupy the strong position. But if they merely snarl at the Republican bill, they will show that their hard-money claim is a sheer pretense. They profess in this part of the Union the intention of going to the country upon hard money as a chief policy, and there is no way in which they can show that it is their policy so plainly as by uniting in Congress upon a simple and stringent measure of specie resumption.

Mr. Logan is reported as saying that if the Senate bill should be amended in the House by a provision of cancellation it would be defeated. If it were lost by Republican votes, it were better that the original bill had not been passed. With all its defects, which are evident, the bill has been sustained by the Republican press in good faith as a pledge of definite resumption honestly made. Let Mr. Logan and his friends show the country that it is not so, and they will have dealt a terrible blow at the Republican party.

TWEED'S TREATMENT.

Some weeks since we stated that Tweed was treated at the Penitentiary more as a distinguished guest than a prisoner, and we furnished the proof in a series of sketches taken upon the spot. That this extraordinary favor was not shown to him because he was an invalid, but because he was rich, nobody doubted. That if he had been a poor man committed for a larceny he would be so treated nobody supposed. We are glad, in the interests of honest government, that Mayor Vance, during his brief official term, used his power to such good result as the removal of the Commissioners by whose connivance this monstrous evasion of the law and defeat of justice had been effected. One of them, Mr. Laimbeer, had already resigned, because, as he said, he would no longer share official responsibility for an important prisoner who might escape whenever he would; and, with the approval of the Governor, the Mayor removed his two associates. "The Commissioner principally responsible for this criminal violation of duty," he says, "is Mr. Myer Stern." And he adds that he is "of opinion, on a review of the evidence, that Tweed pays for the privileges he is allowed."

In the indignation of the public with this flagrant official misconduct there is no feeling of vindictiveness whatever, no desire that Tweed or any other prisoner shall be immured in a dungeon or treated with the slightest inhumanity. If any prisoner is ill, let him have all the care that the hospital and the physicians of the prison can provide; but let us not have a prisoner whose offense is the theft of millions of dollars from the public treasury secluded in luxury at his own pleasure, while the thief of a thousand dollars is doomed to prison fare and prison work. It is not surprising that a Commission under which the treatment of Tweed was possible should be liable to suspicions of laxity elsewhere; and the Mayor states that there have been frauds in the supplies, not necessarily known to the Commissioners, but not prevented by them; and in one instance a merchant received the custom of the department only after he had "seen" the son of Mr. Myer Stern. The law providing for the purchase of supplies was disregarded, and for this violation the Commissioners were responsible. There is but one opinion as to the propriety of the removal of the Commissioners, as there is but one hope among all honest men that the law in regard to Tweed will now be enforced as in the case of all other prisoners.

There has been some dissatisfaction expressed that the Mayor allowed Mr. Wickham, the Mayor elect, to nominate the successors of the two Commissioners who were removed. The reason assigned in Mr. Vance's letter is that Mr. Wickham is the elect of the people, and responsible for the future government of the city. The act, however, is one of simple courtesy. There is no obligation of any kind. Mr. Wickham was not responsible for the government of the city when the appointments were made, and the people did not elect him to take any responsibility until the 1st of January. Mr. Vance alone was charged with that responsibility until the end of December. If he thought fit to consult his successor about the appointments, why should he not have asked him about the removals? There could be no great harm in allowing the Commissioners to remain for a week longer. This, however, is only to say that the Mayor's reasons for his action are not conclusive. His duty was to appoint only suitable men. It was not a case of "midnight judges," but of the normal and legitimate exercise of official duty.

HOW MAYOR HAVEMEYER TOOK HIS PIE.

The recent decease of the most eminent Mayor of New York, perhaps, since De Witt Clinton lends a melancholy interest to the following incident, which occurred during the earlier years of my acquaintance with him.

At the time of which I am speaking Mr. Havemeyer had been Mayor, but was so no longer. He held, however, many important private trusts, and was a recognized power in our commercial metropolis.

One evening we chanced to be strolling up Broadway together on our way to our respective homes, and as we were chatting along we met a gentleman well known to us both, who had long been, in some respects, an object of sympathy to his friends. He was of about the same age as Mr. Havemeyer, had enjoyed in his youth the advantages of a refined home, good schools, an established social position, powerful connections, and every apparent guarantee of worldly prosperity and success.

His life, however, had not kept the promise of his youth. He had not been prosperous at all. Though leading, to all appearance, an exemplary life, and seemingly indisposed to vicious associations of every sort, and domestic in his habits, his life had been, humanly speaking, as complete a failure as the Mayor's had been a success. He had tried many different kinds of business, but had not succeeded in any. He was always needy, and had pretty much exhausted the liberality and patience of friends who were disposed to assist him, so that his visits were rather avoided, and no one was exactly proud of his acquaintance. His dress was careless and worn to the verge of shabbiness. He had a general look of belonging to no one and of nobody belonging to him. I will call him, if you please, Mr. X——.

We saluted him courteously, and when he had passed I made some remark to my companion about the strange persistence of the poor man's ill luck.

"X—— and I," said the Mayor, "used to be school-mates. We used to carry our dinners with us to school, which was at some distance from our respective homes. It was my habit to begin my dinner with my cold meat and bread, and when that was finished I ate my pie or cake or whatever delicacy my mother might have put into my basket; while X——, I observed, always began with his pie or cake, and finished with his cold meat. I remember one day asking him why he ate his pie first.

"'Because I prefer to eat the good things,' he replied, 'when I am most hungry, for then I can enjoy them most. When I have eaten all my meat, the pie would not taste half so good.'

"'But,' said I, 'you spoil your appetite for your cold meat, which you would enjoy when hungry, and after which you would enjoy your pie also.'

"Neither my reasoning nor my example convinced him. As he made his bed he is lying on it. In his youth he ate his pie and had his sweet things; now, in his old age, he is worrying down his 'hard tack' as you see. Had he learned a little self-denial when he was young, he would not have been called upon for so much in his old age. He started life with every advantage apparently over me. His parents were rich, mine comparatively poor. He was sent to college and educated for a liberal profession; I was obliged to leave school early and earn my living. If he had taken advantage of his youth and strength to do what it was then comparatively easy to do, if he had denied himself the luxuries of idleness and extravagance then, he would now have leisure, wealth, and consideration, instead of being beholden to his friends more than half the time for money to purchase his dinner with. He ate all his pie when he was young; he must sustain his old age upon what is left in his basket."

This story made a profound impression upon me. Though it is twenty years since I heard it, it seems to me, whenever I see any of my fellow-creatures indulging any taste or appetite in a disorderly way, I immediately think what an advantage it would be to them to learn while lads to control themselves, and to take the duties and pleasures of life in their proper order.

PERSONAL.

Sydney Smith is the original inventor of the facetious remark, so often parodied and perverted since, of the missionary and the cannibal. As one of the brethren (Bishop Selwyn) was about to leave England for the South Sea Islands, the witty parson expressed the wish that if the cannibals ate him he might disagree with them. From that date onward the habits of the islanders and the exposures of the missionaries have been the theme of very frequent amusement, though it is not known that the natives have enjoyed much consolation in that kind of food of late years. They take the missionaries in in a good many other ways. When the King of the Cannibal Isles came to Washington last month, his fondness of oysters led to the following suggestion to a member of the Board of Foreign Missions from a distinguished publicist: "I can not deny myself the pleasure on this occasion of communicating to you a discovery of considerable importance. King Kalakaua finds raw oysters an excellent and satisfactory substitute for cold missionary. Might it not be well for you to suggest to the Rev. Dr. P—— (who is, I think, an A.B.C.F.M.) that he would do well hereafter to send out to the islanders in the Pacific a supply of Saddle Rocks? This expedient might diminish the consumption and prolong the usefulness of his missionaries. It would be remarkable if that noble and inoffensive animal, the American oyster, should prove instrumental in the reformation of the heathen, and (by a flank movement, as it were) extirpate the absurd practice of cannibalism. This discovery would seem the more important because there have lately come complaints that as the islanders increase in numbers the supply of missionary is inadequate to the demand, and the weaker brethren have sometimes to go hungry."

—There is good reason to believe that John Bright will come over in 1876 and honor the Centennial with his presence.

—Mr. Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield *Republican*, writes to his paper from Washington that the Republican organization is in a suffering condition, and that "something has got to be done with profane quickness."

—The Augusta *Constitutionalist* learns that the officers of the army and navy of Great Britain have presented to Admiral Semmes, of the late Confederate navy, a sword worth $10,000, as a token of their etc., etc., etc.

—A gentleman of this city possesses a curious volume bought at the sale of the William Penn library in 1872. It is an edition of Mr. Bryant's poems published in London in 1832, with an introduction by Washington Irving, and in a letter in the introduction is dedicated to Samuel Rogers. The title-page is quite noteworthy—"Poems of William Cullen Bryant, an American."

—The Shah of Persia has done his little book, describing what he saw, heard, and did during his journey in Europe. It is not much of a book, though fair for a Shah. Of the city of Manchester he says: "By reason of its exceeding number of manufactories, has its houses, doors, and walls black as coal. So much so that the complexions, visages, and dresses of the people are all black. The whole of the ladies of that place at the most time wear black clothes, because no sooner do they put on white or colored dresses than lo! they are suddenly black."

—M. Arsène Houssaye, in a late letter to the *Tribune*, says: "In speaking of the diplomatic language, I must preserve a clever speech of Madame Henri de Pène at the first representation of *La Haine*. Some one said to her, pointing out with her fan the box of a foreign minister, 'He has perfectly the air of a diplomatist.' 'Which proves,' she said, 'that he is a bad diplomatist.' And, in truth, the true diplomatist is the one who seems to see nothing and to understand nothing. M. De Talleyrand always had an absent-minded air. They thought him absent, but he was always at home. As for M. De Metternich, he always said, 'I don't understand.' He understood before any one spoke."

—Mr. H. F. Durant will stand high among the benefactors. Already he has expended one million of dollars on the building at Natick of a college exclusively for women. Every officer and teacher of the institution, from the president and professors downward, is to be a woman.

—A gentleman of Syracuse, New York, who prefers to keep *incog.*, has contributed $20,000 to the Syracuse University, and has promised to endow a professorship, which will bring his subscription up to $70,000. Since June last the contributions to the university have been $175,000, which makes the total endowment about $800,000.

—The unusual spectacle of a Christian embracing Judaism occurred a few days since, when Mrs. Caroline Socha publicly made profession of that faith. Six years ago she was married to an Israelite. In concluding the ceremonies the rabbi said, "Judaism does not insure heavenly blessings only for its followers, but holds the humanitarian doctrine that all men who will lead a life of perfect morality can enter the kingdom of heaven, it matters not to what denomination they may belong." It may be remarked that Sochan occurrence seldom takes place.

—Mr. Hugh Nisbeth, editor of the San Francisco *Scandinavian*, is about to revisit Sweden for the purpose of joining the government exploring expedition from that country to the arctic regions. He will return to this country in time to attend the Centennial Exposition, where he will act as representative of the King of Sweden.

—Among the suit of the Sandwich monarch is Governor Iodomonis, Governor of the island of Oahu. The Governor was born in Oswego forty-two years ago, where he spent six years of his life. His father was an Italian, his mother a Boston lady. Thirty-seven years ago he went to the islands with the missionaries, and has been sandwiched ever since.

—Mr. Charles Hale, formerly editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, at one time Speaker of the Massachusetts House of Representatives, and afterward consul-general of the United States in Egypt, has just been admitted to practice as a lawyer in the Massachusetts courts, his preliminary examination having been conducted by Mr. Peleg W. Chandler and Mr. Charles Allen. The instances of gentlemen who have distinguished themselves in politics in Massachusetts in their youth coming to the bar there in middle age are numerous. Among the number are Senator George S. Boutwell and Mr. N. P. Banks. Mr. Hale was also for a brief period Assistant Secretary of State of the United States, and in the various positions he has held has evinced mental and practical ability of the highest order.

—Professor Boyd Dawkins, whose researches concerning primitive animal life on the earth are widely known, thinks that the ancient race of men who inhabited Switzerland when the mammoth and the reindeer were found there, and were hunted by those primitive inhabitants, is represented at present by the Esquimaux.

—Since the period when Henry J. Raymond was Lieutenant-Governor of the State we have had no one in that position possessing so much classical scholarship and familiarity with modern languages as Mr. Dorsheimer. He has been an occasional contributor to the *Atlantic* and other periodicals, is a man of commanding presence and elegant manners, and realizes very fully what is meant by the phrase, "a gentleman and a scholar."

—Ex-President Johnson, while in the White House, is said to have expended over $7000 a year for the expenses of his housekeeping, and never accepted a present of any description.

—From the thin, ascetic expression of Archbishop Manning's face, as reproduced in a recent number of the *Weekly*, one might suppose that from boyhood up he had been saintly in all his works, words, and ways. Not so. When a school-boy he was not merely an elegant scholar, he was a fair cricketer, a fair racket player, and an active strategist in the foot-ball fields. But it was his rich combination of social qualities that specially distinguished him. That Henry Manning was a hard worker no one ever doubted, but no one ever knew when all the work was done. He seemed to have leisure for every thing—leisure to devote to the reading of the newspapers and all the current literature of the day, of which he was an insatiable consumer; leisure to devote to the Union debates; leisure to devote to long afternoon stretches over the Berkshire downs and the Oxford wolds. No one ever asked Henry Manning to join in an expedition or a pastime and received a refusal on the ground that he had no time. No one ever doubted that he would take a first class in the schools. It was in the debates of the Oxford Union that Henry Manning's greatest prestige was acquired, and it was as a speaker here that he became aware of the existence of W. E. Gladstone long before they laid the foundations of their future friendship in the rooms of Mr. Wordsworth, now the Bishop of St. Andrews, in Christ Church. Henry Manning was incomparably the most effective and accomplished elocutionist of his time. His manner we shall best describe by saying it was altogether in advance of his years. There was no lack of able debaters at the Oxford Union at this time. Sidney Herbert, Roundell Palmer, Gaskell, Tait, and Cardwell, to say nothing of Gladstone, all frequently assisted in the proceedings of the mimic Parliament. But the best orator was, beyond doubt, Henry Manning.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The Congressional committees have entered vigorously upon the work of investigating the recent Southern troubles in Alabama, Louisiana, and Mississippi. Among the witnesses before the Louisiana committee, at New Orleans, was General H. N. Ogden, who admitted that he was commander of the White League in that city; that it numbered from 2500 to 2800 members, out of which he had organized two regiments of infantry and one of artillery. These men were stationed, in companies of fifteen, near all the polls in the city during the last election, "to prevent disturbances."

Hon. Samuel J. Tilden was inaugurated Governor of this State on the 1st inst., with the usual ceremonies.

King Kalakaua, of the Sandwich Islands, left New York December 31 on a visit to the Eastern States, preparatory to his departure for home.

The Compulsory Education Act passed by the last Legislature of this State went into operation on the 1st inst.

General Ord has sent a company of troops after the party of twenty-one miners who are attempting to enter the Black Hills reservation.

Ex-Governor Warmoth, of Louisiana, charged with murder in killing D. C. Byerly, the New Orleans editor, has been acquitted.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Don Alfonso, son of the ex-Queen Isabella, has been proclaimed King of Spain, and is recognized by the army and navy and the people generally. Alfonso immediately telegraphed to the Pope, asking his blessing, and promising that he will, like his ancestors, defend the rights of the Holy See. The new ministry is announced as follows: Castro, Minister of Foreign Affairs; Cardenas, Minister of Justice; Jovellar, Minister of War; Salaveria, Minister of Finance; Molino, Minister of Marine; Robledo, Minister of the Interior; Orovio, Minister of Commerce; Ayala, Minister of the Colonies. In an interview with a newspaper correspondent the king said, "Liberal Constitutionalist as I am, I know well that it is not a matter of pleasure to be King of Spain at this moment, but I shall try to understand my duty, and do it." A special dispatch from Madrid to the London *Times* says General Primo de Rivera some time since informed Marshal Serrano that he intended to have Alfonso proclaimed king, and persisted in this intention despite the offers of Serrano to him of the most elevated positions in his gift, including that of Captain-General of Cuba. Serrano was unable to supersede Rivera, as he alone had the disposal of the military forces in Madrid. The new king was born November 28, 1857, and is therefore only a little more than seventeen years of age. In 1870 the ex-queen abdicated in his favor, and notified the Pope in a telegram, asking him to bless her son, his cause, and Spain.

The overturn in Spain appears to be favorably received by all the European governments. Germany is prepared to recognize the new king as soon as he takes the throne, and the other powers will do the same. The iron-clad *Numancia* has sailed for Marseilles to convey Alfonso to Spain.

The famine in Asia Minor has been very fatal to life. As many as 50,000 persons have migrated from various parts of the country to the city of Adana, half of whom have since succumbed to disease.

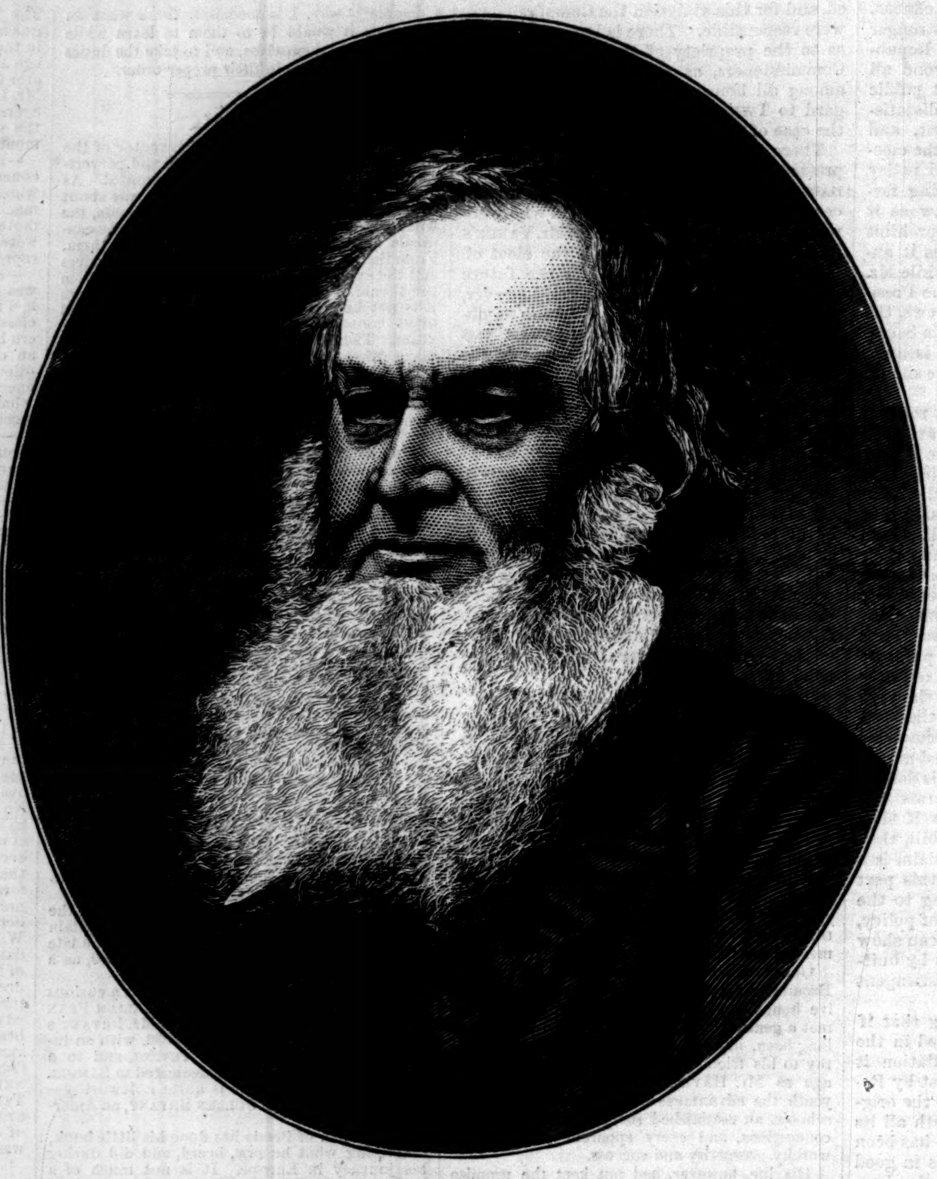
The circular note of Prince Bismarck, of May 14, 1872, read in the secret session of the Von Arnim trial, stated that a new Pope, if not recognized by a majority of the European sovereigns, would cease to be a Pope, but would stand in the same position as a bishop appointed without the consent or approval of his government.

The emigrant ship *Cospatrick*, bound from London for New Zealand, with 500 passengers, was burned at sea, November 17, off the Cape of Good Hope. It is feared that 474 persons perished.

GERRIT SMITH.

This distinguished philanthropist, whose sudden death in this city on the 28th ult. awakened universal sorrow and regret, was born at Utica, in this State, on the 6th of March, 1797. He was educated at Hamilton College, under President Azel Backus, graduating in 1818 with the highest honors. During his collegiate career he gained a high reputation as an orator as well as a student. After leaving college he married the daughter of President Backus, but she died within less than a year. He subsequently married the daughter of Colonel Fitzhugh, of Maryland, who survives him.

His father was Judge Peter Smith, a man of character and note in his day. In early life he was a partner in business with John Jacob Astor. They had but little money, and kĕpt a small shop in New York, where they dealt in furs. In summer they used to go up the Hudson to Albany on a sloop, and thence penetrate the interior of the State on foot, through forests, rivers, and swamps, to purchase the furs which the Indians had collected during the winter. These furs, with the assistance of the Indians, they would bring on their backs and in canoes to Albany, and thence transport them down the Hudson to New York. They continued several years in this business, accumulating a good deal of money, when they dissolved partnership. Mr. Smith established his home in the interior of the State, and commenced buying lands on an extensive scale, until he counted his acres by hundreds of thousands. Years afterward, during the financial embarrassments of 1837, Gerrit Smith applied to his father's old partner for the loan of $250,000. It was granted without hesitation on his mere verbal promise to give mortgages on certain property. The mortgages were immediately executed, but, through the carelessness of the County Clerk, they were not forwarded, and several weeks afterward Mr. Smith received a letter from Mr. Astor asking if he had forgotten to have them made out. All this time Mr. Astor had not held a scratch of the pen as security for this immense sum.



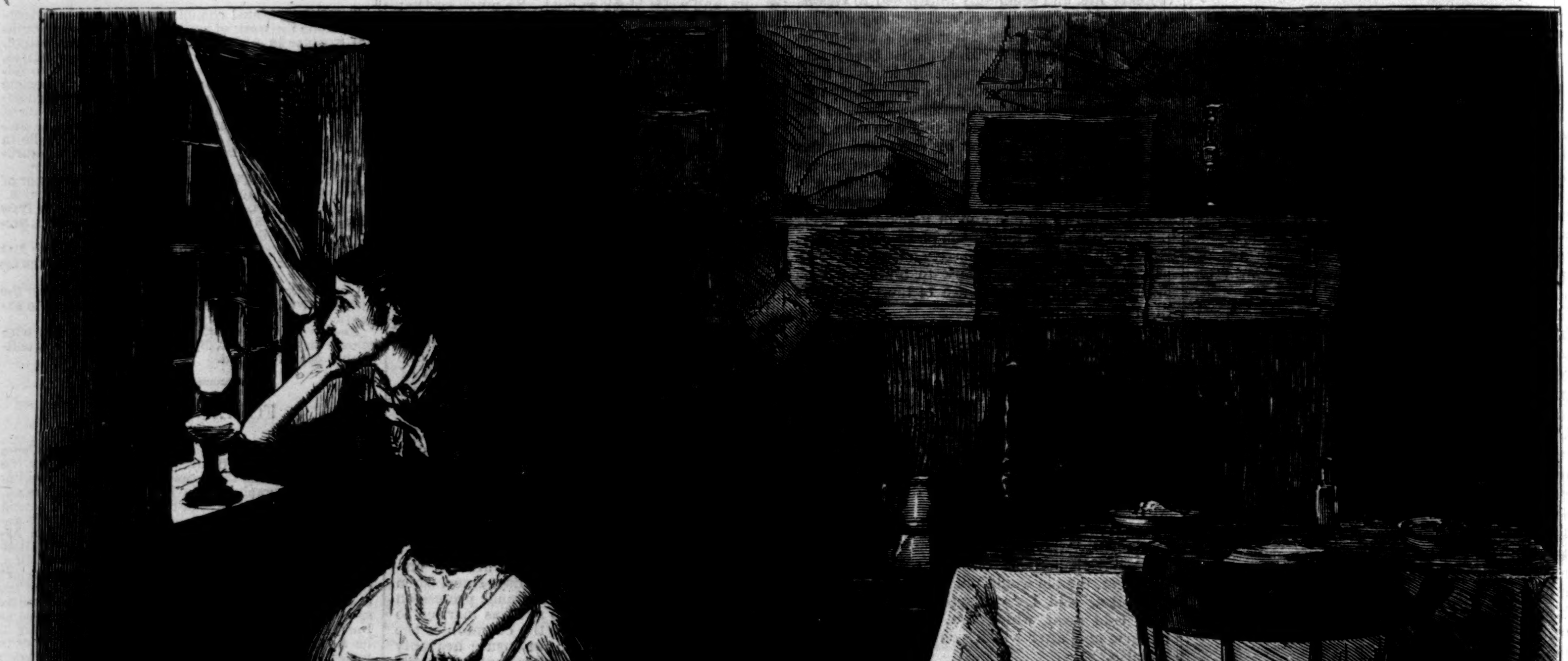
THE LATE GERRIT SMITH.—[From a Photograph by Kurz.]

Gerrit Smith was early placed in charge of his father's business, and, while husbanding the original estate, gave his attention largely to land investments. His transactions were characterized by sagacity and foresight. He owned land at one time in fifty-six of the sixty counties in this State. In the northern part of New York he owned eight hundred thousand acres, all in one piece, known as "John Brown's Tract." Much of this immense tract was given away to negroes and other settlers, almost always with a little money to help them along.

Mr. Smith had a fondness for legal studies, was well versed in the laws relating to real estate, and late in life applied for admission to the bar for the purpose of defending a poor friendless German accused of murder. He gained the case. From his youth he was a politician, though he held office but once in the course of his long life. In 1852 he was elected to Congress in the Madison and Oswego district, receiving a large majority over a popular candidate. He resigned his seat at the close of the first session. But though office-holding was not to his taste, he always took an active part in politics, acting first with the old Whig party and afterward with the Republicans. From his earliest youth he was a true friend to the oppressed and a stanch opponent of slavery. His home at Peterborough was the refuge of hundreds of fugitive slaves, whom he received, protected, and assisted in obtaining the means of living. He was, indeed, one of the most generous of men. No worthy applicant for relief was ever turned away empty-handed from his door. At his residence, which looked like the country-seat of an English nobleman, he exhibited an elegant and liberal hospitality.

During the war Mr. Smith heartily supported the government in its efforts to suppress the rebellion, but he entertained no hostility toward the people of the South, and after the war joined with Horace Greeley in signing the bail bond of Jefferson Davis. He was at one time wrongfully accused of abetting John Brown's wild scheme for revolutionizing the government by invading Virginia at the head of five white men and five negroes. Brown's unhappy fate depressed him exceedingly, and for a little while so seriously affected his mind as to make a resort to the Utica Asylum a necessity. Under the treatment of Dr. Grey, he soon recovered fully.

At the time of his death Mr. Smith was on a Christmas visit at the house of his nephew, General Cochrane. He seemed to be in his usual health. On the morning of the 27th ult. he was stricken with apoplexy while dressing. He lingered until a little after noon the next day, when he passed away.



WAITING.—Drawn by E. A. Abbey.—[See Poem on Page 54.]

[This Story was commenced in HARPER'S WEEKLY dated October 10, 1874.]

THE LAW AND THE LADY:

A Novel.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "ARMADALE," "MAN AND WIFE," "THE MOONSTONE," ETC.

Part II.—Paradise Regained.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

IN THE DARK.

WITH such a man as Miserrimus Dexter, and with such a purpose as I had in view, no half-confidences were possible. I must either risk the most unreserved acknowledgment of the interests that I really had at stake, or I must make the best excuse that occurred to me for abandoning my comtemplated experiment at the last moment. In my present critical situation, no such refuge as a middle course lay before me—even if I had been inclined to take it. As things were, I ran all risks, and plunged headlong into my own affairs at starting.

"Thus far, you know little or nothing about me, Mr. Dexter," I said. "You are, as I believe, quite unaware that my husband and I are not living together at the present time."

"Is it necessary to mention your husband?" he asked, coldly, without looking up from his embroidery, and without pausing in his work.

"It is absolutely necessary," I answered. "I can explain myself to you in no other way."

He bent his head, and sighed resignedly.

"You and your husband are not living together at the present time," he resumed. "Does that mean that Eustace has left you?"

"He has left me, and has gone abroad."

"Without any necessity for it?"

"Without the least necessity."

"Has he appointed no time for his return to you?"

"If he perseveres in his present resolution, Mr. Dexter, Eustace will never return to me."

For the first time he raised his head from his embroidery—with a sudden appearance of interest.

"Is the quarrel so serious as that?" he asked. "Are you free of each other, pretty Mrs. Valeria, by common consent of both parties?"

The tone in which he put the question was not at all to my liking. The look he fixed on me was a look which unpleasantly suggested that I had trusted myself alone with him, and that he might end in taking advantage of it. I reminded him quietly, by my manner more than by my words, of the respect which he owed to me.

"You are entirely mistaken," I said. "There is no anger—there is not even a misunderstanding between us. Our parting has cost bitter sorrow, Mr. Dexter, to him and to me."

He submitted to be set right with ironical resignation. "I am all attention," he said, threading his needle. "Pray go on; I won't interrupt you again." Acting on this invitation, I told him the truth about my husband and myself quite unreservedly, taking care however, at the same time, to put Eustace's motives in the best light that they would bear. Miserrimus Dexter dropped his embroidery on his lap, and laughed softly to himself, with an impish enjoyment of my poor little narrative, which set every nerve in me on edge as I looked at him.

"I see nothing to laugh at," I said, sharply.

His beautiful blue eyes rested on me with a look of innocent surprise.

"Nothing to laugh at," he repeated, "in such an exhibition of human folly as you have just described!" His expression suddenly changed; his face darkened and hardened very strangely. "Stop!" he cried, before I could answer him. "There can be only one reason for you're taking it as seriously as you do. Mrs. Valeria! you are fond of your husband."

"Fond of him isn't strong enough to express it," I retorted. "I love him with my whole heart."

Miserrimus Dexter stroked his magnificent beard, and contemplatively repeated my words. "You love him with your whole heart? Do you know why?"

"Because I can't help it," I answered, doggedly.

He smiled satirically, and went on with his embroidery. "Curious!" he said to himself; "Eustace's first wife loved him too. There are some men whom the women all like, and there are other men whom the women never care for. Without the least reason for it in either case. The one man is just as good as the other; just as handsome, as agreeable, as honorable, and as high in rank as the other. And yet for Number One they will go through fire and water, and for Number Two they won't so much as turn their heads to look at him. Why? They don't know themselves—as Mrs. Valeria has just said! Is there a physical reason for it? Is there some potent magnetic emanation from Number One which Number Two doesn't possess? I must investigate this when I have the time, and when I find myself in the humor." Having so far settled the question to his own entire satisfaction, he looked up at me again. "I am still in the dark about you and your motives," he said. "I am still as far as ever from understanding what your interest is in investigating that hideous tragedy at Gleninch. Clever Mrs. Valeria, please take me by the hand, and lead me into the light. You're not offended with me—are you? Make it up; and I will give you this pretty piece of embroidery when I have done it. I am only a poor, solitary, deformed wretch, with a quaint turn of mind; I mean no harm. Forgive me! indulge me! enlighten me!"

He resumed his childish ways; he recovered his innocent smile, with the odd little puckers and wrinkles accompanying it at the corners of his eyes. I began to doubt whether I might not have been unreasonably hard on him. I penitently resolved to be more considerate toward his infirmities of mind and body during the remainder of my visit.

"Let me go back for a moment, Mr. Dexter, to past times at Gleninch," I said. "You agree with me in believing Eustace to be absolutely innocent of the crime for which he was tried. Your evidence at the Trial tells me that."

He paused over his work, and looked at me with a grave and stern attention which presented his face in quite a new light.

"That is *our* opinion," I resumed. "But it was not the opinion of the Jury. Their verdict, you remember, was Not Proven. In plain English, the Jury who tried my husband declined to express their opinion, positively and publicly, that he was innocent. Am I right?"

Instead of answering, he suddenly put his embroidery back in the basket, and moved the machinery of his chair, so as to bring it close by mine.

"Who told you this?" he asked.

"I found it for myself in a book."

Thus far his face had expressed steady attention—and no more. Now, for the first time, I thought I saw something darkly passing over him which betrayed itself to my mind as rising distrust.

"Ladies are not generally in the habit of troubling their heads about dry questions of law," he said. "Mrs. Eustace Macallan the Second, you must have some very powerful motive for turning your studies that way."

"I have a very powerful motive, Mr. Dexter. My husband is resigned to the Scotch Verdict. His mother is resigned to it. His friends (so far as I know) are resigned to it—"

"Well?"

"Well! I don't agree with my husband, or his mother, or his friends. I refuse to submit to the Scotch Verdict."

The instant I said those words, the madness in him which I had hitherto denied, seemed to break out. He suddenly stretched himself over his chair: he pounced on me, with a hand on each of my shoulders; his wild eyes questioned me fiercely, frantically, within a few inches of my face.

"What do you mean?" he shouted, at the utmost pitch of his ringing and resonant voice.

A deadly fear of him shook me. I did my best to hide the outward betrayal of it. By look and word, I showed him, as firmly as I could, that I resented the liberty he had taken with me.

"Remove your hands, Sir," I said. "And retire to your proper place."

He obeyed me mechanically. He apologized to me mechanically. His whole mind was evidently still filled with the words that I had spoken to him, and still bent on discovering what those words meant.

"I beg your pardon," he said; "I humbly beg your pardon. The subject excites me, frightens me, maddens me. You don't know what a difficulty I have in controlling myself. Never mind. Don't take me seriously. Don't be frightened at me. I am so ashamed of myself—I feel so small and so miserable at having offended you. Make me suffer for it. Take a stick and beat me. Tie me down in my chair. Call up Ariel, who is as strong as a horse, and tell her to hold me. Dear Mrs. Valeria! Injured Mrs. Valeria! I'll endure any thing in the way of punishment, if you will only tell me what you mean by not submitting to the Scotch Verdict." He backed his chair penitently as he made that entreaty. "Am I far enough away yet?" he asked, with a rueful look. "Do I still frighten you? I'll drop out of sight, if you prefer it, in the bottom of the chair."

He lifted the sea-green coverlet. In another moment he would have disappeared like a puppet in a show if I had not stopped him.

"Say nothing more, and do nothing more; I accept your apologies," I said. "When I tell you that I refuse to submit to the opinion of the Scotch Jury, I mean exactly what my words express. That verdict has left a stain on my husband's character. He feels the stain bitterly. How bitterly no one knows so well as I do. His sense of his degradation is the sense that has parted him from me. It is not enough for *him* that I am persuaded of his innocence. Nothing will bring him back to me—nothing will persuade Eustace that I think him worthy to be the guide and companion of my life—but the proof of his innocence, set before the Jury which doubts it, and the public which doubts it, to this day. He and his friends and his lawyers all despair of ever finding that proof now. But I am his wife; and none of you love him as I love him. I alone refuse to despair; I alone refuse to listen to reason. If God spares me, Mr. Dexter, I dedicate my life to the vindication of my husband's innocence. You are his old friend—I am here to ask you to help me."

It appeared to be now my turn to frighten *him*. The color left his face. He passed his hand restlessly over his forehead, as if he was trying to brush some delusion out of his brain.

"Is this one of my dreams?" he asked, faintly. "Are you a Vision of the night?"

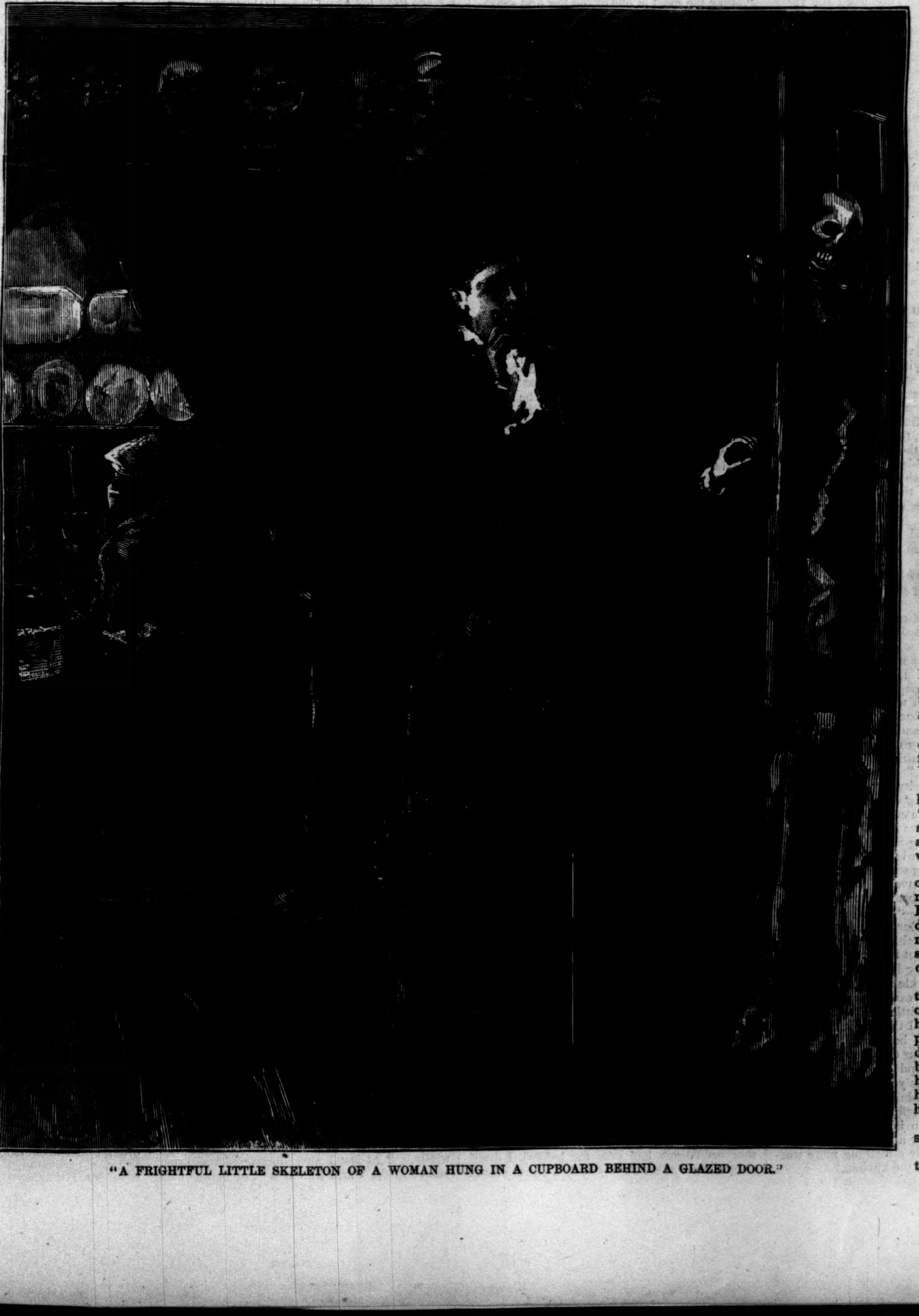
"I am only a friendless woman," I said, "who has lost all that she loved and prized, and who is trying to win it back again."

He began to move his chair nearer to me once more. I lifted my hand. He stopped the chair directly. There was a moment of silence. We sat watching one another.

I saw his hands tremble as he laid them on the coverlet; I saw his face grow paler and paler, and his under lip drop. What dead and buried remembrances had I brought to life in him, in all their olden horror?

He was the first to speak again.

"So this is your interest," he said, "in



"A FRIGHTFUL LITTLE SKELETON OF A WOMAN HUNG IN A CUPBOARD BEHIND A GLAZED DOOR."

clearing up the mystery of Mrs. Eustace Macallan's death?"

"Yes."

"And you believe that I can help you?"

"I do."

He slowly lifted one of his hands, and pointed at me with his long forefinger.

"You suspect somebody," he said.

The tone in which he spoke was low and threatening: it warned me to be careful. At the same time, if I now shut him out of my confidence, I should lose the reward that might yet be to come, for all that I had suffered and risked at that perilous interview.

"You suspect somebody," he repeated.

"Perhaps!" was all that I said in return.

"Is the person within your reach?"

"Not yet."

"Do you know where the person is?"

"No."

He laid his head languidly on the back of his chair, with a trembling long-drawn sigh. Was he disappointed? Or was he relieved? Or was he simply exhausted in mind and body alike? Who could fathom him? Who could say?

"Will you give me five minutes?" he asked, feebly and wearily, without raising his head. "You know already how any reference to events at Gleninch excites and shakes me. I shall be fit for it again, if you will kindly give me a few minutes to myself. There are books in the next room. Please excuse me."

I at once retired to the circular antechamber. He followed me in his chair, and closed the door between us.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IN THE LIGHT.

A little interval of solitude was a relief to me, as well as to Miserrimus Dexter.

Startling doubts beset me as I walked restlessly backward and forward, now in the anteroom, and now in the corridor outside. It was plain that I had (quite innocently) disturbed the repose of some formidable secrets in Miserrimus Dexter's mind. I confused and wearied my poor brains in trying to guess what the secrets might be. All my ingenuity—as after-events showed me—was wasted on speculations not one of which even approached the truth. I was on surer ground, when I arrived at the conclusion that Dexter had really kept every mortal creature out of his confidence. He could never have betrayed such serious signs of disturbance as I had noticed in him, if he had publicly acknowledged at the Trial, or if he had privately communicated to any chosen friend, all that he knew of the tragic and terrible drama acted in the bedchamber at Gleninch. What powerful influence had induced him to close his lips? Had he been silent in mercy to others? or in dread of consequences to himself? Impossible to tell! Could I hope that he would confide to Me what he had kept secret from Justice and Friendship alike? When he knew what I really wanted of him, would he arm me, out of his own stores of knowledge, with the weapon that would win me victory in the struggle to come? The chances were all against it—there was no denying that. Still, the end was worth trying for. The caprice of the moment might yet stand my friend, with such a wayward being as Miserrimus Dexter. My plans and projects were sufficiently strange, sufficiently wide of the ordinary limits of a woman's thoughts and actions, to attract his sympathies. "Who knows," I thought to myself, "if I may not take his confidence by surprise, by simply telling him the truth?"

The interval expired; the door was thrown open; the voice of my host summoned me again to the inner room.

"Welcome back!" said Miserrimus Dexter. "Dear Mrs. Valeria, I am quite myself again. How are you?"

He looked and spoke with the easy cordiality of an old friend. During the period of my absence, short as it was, another change had passed over this most multiform of living beings. His eyes sparkled with good humor; his cheeks were flushing under a new excitement of some sort. Even his dress had undergone alteration since I had seen it last. He now wore an extemporized cap of white paper; his ruffles were tucked up; a clean apron was thrown over the sea-green coverlet. He backed his chair before me, bowing and smiling, and waved me to a seat with the grace of a dancing master, chastened by the dignity of a lord in waiting.

"I am going to cook," he announced, with the most engaging simplicity. "We both stand in need of refreshment before we return to the serious business of our interview. You see me in my cook's dress; forgive it. There is a form in these things. I am a great stickler for forms. I have been taking some wine. Please sanction that proceeding by taking some wine too."

He filled a goblet of ancient Venetian glass with a purple-red liquor, beautiful to see.

"Burgundy!" he said—"the king of wines. And this is the king of Burgundies—Clos Vougeot. I drink to your health and happiness!"

He filled a second goblet for himself, and honored the toast by draining it to the bottom. I now understood the sparkle in his eyes and the flush in his cheeks. It was my interest not to offend him. I drank a little of his wine, and I quite agreed with him. I thought it delicious.

"What shall we eat?" he asked. "It must be something worthy of our Clos Vougeot. Ariel is good at roasting and boiling joints, poor wretch! but I don't insult your taste by offering you Ariel's cookery. Plain joints!" he exclaimed, with an expression of refined disgust. "Bah! A man who eats a plain joint is only one remove from a cannibal, or a butcher. Will you leave it to me to discover something more worthy of us? Let us go to the kitchen."

He wheeled his chair round, and invited me to accompany him with a courteous wave of his hand.

I followed the chair to some closed curtains at one end of the room, which I had not hitherto noticed. Drawing aside the curtains, he revealed to view an alcove, in which stood a neat little gas stove for cooking. Drawers and cupboards, plates, dishes, and saucepans, were ranged round the alcove—all on a miniature scale, all scrupulously bright and clean. "Welcome to the kitchen!" said Miserrimus Dexter. He drew out of a recess in the wall a marble slab, which served as a table, and reflected profoundly, with his hand to his head. "I have it!" he cried, and opening one of the cupboards next, took from it a black bottle of a form that was new to me. Sounding this bottle with a spike, he pierced and produced to view some little irregularly formed black objects, which might have been familiar enough to a woman accustomed to the luxurious tables of the rich, but which were a new revelation to a person like myself, who had led a simple country life in the house of a clergyman with small means. When I saw my host carefully lay out these occult substances of uninviting appearance on a clean napkin, and then plunge once more into profound reflection at the sight of them, my curiosity could be no longer restrained. I ventured to say, "What are those things, Mr. Dexter, and are we really going to eat them?"

He started at the rash question, and looked at me with hands outspread in irrepressible astonishment.

"Where is our boasted progress?" he cried. "What is education but a name? Here is a cultivated person who doesn't know Truffles when she sees them!"

"I have heard of truffles," I answered, humbly, "but I never saw them before. We had no such foreign luxuries as those, Mr. Dexter, at home in the North."

Miserrimus Dexter lifted one of the truffles tenderly on his spike, and held it up to me in a favorable light.

"Make the most of one of the few first sensations in this life which has no ingredient of disappointment lurking under the surface," he said. "Look at it; meditate over it. You shall eat it, Mrs. Valeria, stewed in Burgundy!"

He lit the gas for cooking with the air of a man who was about to offer me an inestimable proof of his good-will.

"Forgive me if I observe the most absolute silence," he said, "dating from the moment when I take this in my hand." He produced a bright little stew-pan from his collection of culinary utensils as he spoke. "Properly pursued, the Art of Cookery allows of no divided attention," he continued, gravely. "In that observation you will find the reason why no woman ever has reached, or ever will reach, the highest distinction as a cook. As a rule, women are incapable of absolutely concentrating their attention on any one occupation for any given time. Their minds will run on something else—say, typically, for the sake of illustration, their sweetheart, or their new bonnet. The one obstacle, Mrs. Valeria, to your rising equal to the men in the various industrial processes of life is not raised, as the women vainly suppose, by the defective institutions of the age they live in. No! the obstacle is in themselves. No institutions that can be devised to encourage them will ever be strong enough to contend successfully with the sweetheart and the new bonnet. A little while ago, for instance, I was instrumental in getting women employed in our local post-office here. The other day I took the trouble—a serious business to me—of getting down stairs, and wheeling myself away to the office to see how they were getting on. I took a letter with me to register. It had an unusually long address. The registering woman began copying the address on the receipt form, in a business-like manner cheering and delightful to see. Half-way through, a little child-sister of one of the other women employed trotted into the office, and popped under the counter to go and speak to her relative. The registering woman's mind instantly gave way. Her pencil stopped; her eyes wandered off to the child with a charming expression of interest. 'Well, Lucy,' she said, 'how d'ye do?' Then she remembered business again, and returned to her receipt. When I took it across the counter, an important line in the address of my letter was left out in the copy. Thanks to Lucy. Now a man in the same position would not have seen Lucy—he would have been too closely occupied with what he was about at the moment. There is the whole difference between the mental constitution of the sexes, which no legislation will ever alter as long as the world lasts! What does it matter? Women are infinitely superior to men in the moral qualities which are the true adornments of humanity. Be content—oh, my mistaken sisters, be content with that!"

He twisted his chair round toward the stove. It was useless to dispute the question with him, even if I had felt inclined to do so. He absorbed himself in his stew-pan.

I looked about me in the room.

The same insatiable relish for horrors exhibited down stairs by the pictures in the hall was displayed again here. The photographs hanging on the wall represented the various forms of madness taken from the life. The plaster casts ranged on the shelf opposite were casts (after death) of the heads of famous murderers. A frightful little skeleton of a woman hung in a cupboard, behind a glazed door, with this cynical inscription placed above the skull: "Behold the scaffolding on which beauty is built!" In a corresponding cupboard, with the door wide open, there hung in loose folds a shirt (as I took it to be) of chamois leather. Touching it (and finding it to be far softer than any chamois leather that my fingers had ever felt before), I disarranged the folds, and disclosed a ticket pinned among them, describing the thing in these horrid lines: "Skin of a French Marquis, tanned in the Revolution of Ninety-three. Who says the nobility are not good for something? They make good leather."

After this last specimen of my host's taste in curiosities, I pursued my investigation no farther. I returned to my chair, and waited for the Truffles.

After a brief interval, the voice of the poet-painter-composer-and-cook summoned me back to the alcove.

The gas was out. The stew-pan and its accompaniments had vanished. On the marble slab were two plates, two napkins, two rolls of bread, and a dish, with another napkin in it, on which reposed two quaint little black balls. Miserrimus Dexter, regarding me with a smile of benevolent interest, put one of the balls on my plate, and took the other himself. "Compose yourself, Mrs. Valeria," he said. "This is an epoch in your life. Your first Truffle! Don't touch it with the knife. Use the fork alone. And—pardon me; this is most important—eat slowly."

I followed my instructions, and assumed an enthusiasm which I honestly confess I did not feel. I privately thought the new vegetable a great deal too rich, and in other respects quite unworthy of the fuss that had been made about it. Miserrimus Dexter lingered and languished over his truffles, and sipped his wonderful Burgundy, and sang his own praises as a cook until I was really almost mad with impatience to return to the real object of my visit. In the reckless state of mind which this feeling produced, I abruptly reminded my host that he was wasting our time, by the most dangerous question that I could possibly put to him.

"Mr. Dexter," I said, "have you heard any thing lately of Mrs. Beauly?"

The easy sense of enjoyment expressed in his face left it at those rash words, and went out like a suddenly extinguished light. That furtive distrust of me which I had already noticed instantly made itself felt again in his manner and in his voice.

"Do you know Mrs. Beauly?" he asked.

"I only know her," I answered, "by what I have read of her in the Trial."

He was not satisfied with that reply.

"You must have an interest of some sort in Mrs. Beauly," he said, "or you would not have asked me about her. Is it the interest of a friend, or the interest of an enemy?"

Rash as I might be, I was not quite reckless enough yet to meet that plain question by an equally plain reply. I saw enough in his face to warn me to be careful with him before it was too late.

"I can only answer you in one way," I rejoined. "I must return to a subject which is very painful to you—the subject of the Trial."

"Go on," he said, with one of his grim outbursts of humor. "Here I am at your mercy—a martyr at the stake. Poke the fire! poke the fire!"

"I am only an ignorant woman," I resumed, "and I dare say I am quite wrong; but there is one part of my husband's trial which doesn't at all satisfy me. The defense set up for him seems to me to have been a complete mistake."

"A complete mistake?" he repeated. "Strange language, Mrs. Valeria, to say the least of it!" He tried to speak lightly; he took up his goblet of wine; but I could see that I had produced an effect on him. His hand trembled as it carried the wine to his lips.

"I don't doubt that Eustace's first wife really asked him to buy the arsenic," I continued. "I don't doubt that she used it secretly to improve her complexion. But what I do *not* believe is that she died of an overdose of the poison, taken by mistake."

He put back the goblet of wine on the table near him so unsteadily that he spilled the greater part of it. For a moment his eyes met mine, then looked down again.

"How do you believe she died?" he inquired, in tones so low that I could barely hear them.

"By the hand of a poisoner," I answered.

He made a movement as if he was about to start up in the chair, and sank back again, seized, apparently, with a sudden faintness.

"Not my husband!" I hastened to add. "You know that I am satisfied of *his* innocence."

I saw him shudder. I saw his hands fasten their hold convulsively on the arms of his chair.

"Who poisoned her?" he asked, still lying helplessly back in the chair.

At the critical moment my courage failed me. I was afraid to tell him in what direction my suspicions pointed.

"Can't you guess?" I said.

There was a pause. I supposed him to be secretly following his own train of thought. It was not for long. On a sudden he started up in his chair. The prostration which had possessed him appeared to vanish in an instant. His eyes recovered their wild light; his hands were steady again; his color was brighter than ever. Had he been pondering over the secret of my interest in Mrs. Beauly? and had he guessed? He had!

"Answer on your word of honor!" he cried. "Don't attempt to deceive me! Is it a woman?"

"It is."

"What is the first letter of her name? Is it one of the first three letters of the alphabet?"

"Yes."

"B?"

"Yes."

"Beauly?"

"Beauly."

He threw his hands up above his head, and burst into a frantic fit of laughter.

"I have lived long enough!" he broke out, wildly. "At last I have discovered one other person in the world who sees it as plainly as I do. Cruel Mrs. Valeria! why did you torture me? Why didn't you own it before?"

"What!" I exclaimed, catching the infection of his excitement. "Are *your* ideas *my* ideas? Is it possible that *you* suspect Mrs. Beauly too?"

He made this remarkable reply:

"Suspect?" he repeated, contemptuously. "There isn't the shadow of a doubt about it. Mrs. Beauly poisoned her."

[to be continued.]

WAITING.

[See Illustration on Page 52.]

The fisher's wife sits all alone,
While evening shadows shroud the skies;
She hears the restless ocean moan,
And watches there with anxious eyes.

The tossing waves are wild and white;
The northern winds blow fierce and free;
She thinks how in the morning light
A tiny boat went out to sea.

She sees her boy upon the deck;
She hears again his laughing call;
His father's arm is round his neck—
That little boat contains her all.

The single sail with bird-like wing
Has borne the forms she loves away;
God grant favoring wind may bring
Them back to her at close of day!

A distant well-known hail she hears;
A keel is grating on the beach!
And now a childish footstep nears,
Eager his mother's side to reach.

Once more she holds them both again
In fond embrace, with welcome warm;
Her loving heart cares little then
For raging wind or ocean storm.

CHRISTMAS ON AN ICE-FLOE.

Our engraving on page 56 shows how the officers and men of the Austrian Polar Expedition, of which an illustrated account was given in *Harper's Weekly* for December 5, 1874, passed a Christmas-day when they were drifting in their ship on a gigantic ice-floe. As our readers will remember, the expedition was caught in the ice-stream, wedged in fast, and was driven to and fro in the Siberian Polar Sea for fourteen months, in constant danger of being crushed to death by the enormous masses of pack-ice by which they were surrounded. Their imminent peril did not, however, prevent them from passing a merry Christmas. As our picture shows, they had a Christmas-tree, brightly illuminated with candles, and opened a box of toys they had brought with them for the purpose of celebrating the day at the north pole, should they be so fortunate as to reach it. With these they made themselves as merry as children once more in spite of regretful thoughts of home, and for a time forgot the dangers of their position.

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

The success which has attended the introduction of English trout and perch into New Zealand and Tasmania has suggested similar action on the part of the colonists at the Cape of Good Hope, and subscriptions are now being made for the purpose of carrying out the project. *Nature* suggests that the only obstacle seems to be the temperature of the water, the latitude of the Cape ranging from 28° to 35° S., which is much lower than the corresponding portions of the northern hemisphere, in which trout and salmon are generally found. Still the practical test will be after the transfer of the eggs. The actual cost will be trifling in comparison with the benefit to be derived should the effort be successful.

The action of the British government in reference to an expedition to the north pole during the coming spring continues to be favorable, Admiral Sir Leopold M'Clintock, who is in charge, having lately visited various localities with the view of selecting one or more suitable vessels. It is thought that one steam-whaler will be purchased, and possibly a British war vessel fitted up as a companion. More volunteers have already offered for the different grades of service than would be required to supply several expeditions. It is understood that Lady Franklin has renewed her offer of $10,000 for the recovery of the official records of her husband's expedition, and that she will be prepared to reimburse any additional or special outlay which may be made in securing these documents.

Mr. Hind, of Nova Scotia, calls attention to the fact that the equatorial bulge of the earth's surface may have been much larger in earlier geological epochs than at the present day, and that Captain Clarke's and General Schubert's investigations, according to which the earth's equator is an ellipse and not a circle, favor the idea that in these earlier epochs this ellipticity must have assumed the nature of a gradual change in the figure of the earth, in virtue of which a vast equatorial undulation has progressed with extreme slowness in an easterly and westerly direction.

As is well known, the black bulb vacuum thermometers employed for observing the solar radiation give very discordant results, even in the hands of the best observers, and the origin of this has recently been studied by Mr. Hicks, of London, who states that, in his opinion, the discordances are in a great measure due to the imperfect vacuum that exists within the inclosing bulb. Having made a large number of instruments with special care, in which the vacuum has been reduced to the lowest attainable limit, Mr. Hicks finds that it is possible with proper care to always construct instruments that shall be perfectly comparable with each other. In order that the meteorologist may at any time test the perfection of the vacuum within his tube, Mr. Hicks has very ingeniously inserted two wires into the sides of the bulb in such a way that a galvanic current applied to the wires will, by the nature of the light that is spread through the vacuum bulb, show with considerable accuracy what proportion of gas, and especially of watery vapor, is there present. A pressure within the vacuum bulb exceeding one-tenth of an inch of mercury is not admissible if an accurate instrument is desired, and the vacuum can be easily brought to within one-fiftieth of an inch, in which condition the radiation solar thermometers will prove strictly comparable. Especially is it important that the bulb should be filled with dry gas, and that not the slightest trace of moisture should exist. Mr. **HICKS** said that although he had made hundreds of tubes with Torricellian vacua, he never knew one to fail showing stratification and white light when the tube was thoroughly clean and free from moisture.

The most serious of recent losses among naturalists is that of Sir **WILLIAM JARDINE**, which took place at Sandown, on the Isle of Wight, on the 21st of September last. Sir **WILLIAM** was born in Edinburgh in 1800. He was educated at the University of Edinburgh, and early manifested a taste for natural history, ultimately devoting his special attention to the subject of birds. His private collection in this direction was well known for its extent, in fact ranking among the largest in the world, and embracing types of many new species described by himself and others. His library was equally extensive.

His most important publications are his *Contributions to Ornithology*, in two volumes octavo, his *Illustrations of Ornithology*, in four volumes quarto, and a work on the *Birds of Great Britain*, in connection with P. J. **SELBY**. His *Naturalist's Library*, in forty volumes, and his edition of *Wilson's Ornithology* are also well-known standard books. Numerous papers from his pen have appeared in the *Magazine of Zoology and Botany*, and the *Annals of Natural History* (of which he indeed was the founder). In 1839-41 he published a work on the *British Salmonidæ*, accompanied by excellent plates of the species and much information in regard to their habits.

A daughter of Sir **WILLIAM JARDINE** married Mr. **HUGH E. STRICKLAND**, also well known as an ornithologist of great ability, and who died some years ago. Mr. **STRICKLAND**'s collections were presented by the widow to the University of Cambridge, and endowed by her with a sum sufficient to maintain a curator, an appointment which Mr. **OSBERT SALVIN** has lately received. It is to be hoped that the fine private collection of ornithological specimens and books left by Sir **WILLIAM JARDINE** may pass unbroken into the possession of some scientific institution, where they will be of permanent value.

Mr. S. W. **GARMAN** describes, in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History, a new American species of serpent from Florida under the name of *Helicops alleni*.

Mr. **AUSTIN**, in *Psyche*, calls attention to the occurrence of a cochineal insect in great abundance on several species of the cactus growing in the northwest of Nebraska and adjacent portions of Dakota. He can find no evidence that the Indians were acquainted with the existence of this substance in its practical applications as a paint; and, indeed, the fact of its occurrence there at all was unexpected by him, although he has since learned that it is not uncommon in Kansas and Southern California.

Among the more recent publications of the Hydrographic Office is No. 56, *Remarks of Commander George Dewey on the Coast of Lower California and New Mexico*, being the result of the recent cruise of the *Narragansett* in that region. Important information is given here in regard to various points of the coast, and including the comparatively little-known Revilla-gigedo group to the south of Lower California, and of which Socorro is the principal island.

This region was visited several years ago, in the interest of the Smithsonian Institution, by Colonel A. G. **GRAYSON**, of Mazatlan, who collected quite a number of new species of birds. He found the birds so tame as to be quite a nuisance, alighting on the heads and shoulders of the party as readily as they would upon trees or plants.

We have not heretofore noticed the death of F. H. **VON KITTLITZ**, which took place on the 5th of April, at Mainz, at the age of seventy-five. **KITTLITZ** in former years was well known in the ranks of scientific men from having served as naturalist on the renowned voyage of the Russian vessel *Senjawin*, under Captain **LÜTKE**, and in which he made some important contributions to the zoology, botany, and geography of the west coast of America, Polynesia, the Aleutian Islands, etc. A sketch of this was published in *Lütke's Voyages*, but a more detailed account appears in 1858 as a separate work.

Many papers were published by **KITTLITZ** in the Memoirs of the Academy of Science of St. Petersburg, and in those of the Senckenberg Society at Frankfort-on-the-Main. A work of great merit is that containing his pictures of the vegetation of the coast lands and islands of the Pacific Ocean, in which the minutest features of meadows and forests are portrayed with marvelous accuracy.

The Royal Institute of Science in Venice, immediately after the news of the fearful earthquake that occurred on the 29th of June, 1873, in the province of Belluno, appointed a commission to make a thorough study of this subject. From the report of this commission, consisting of Professors **PIRONA** and **TARAMELLI**, it appears that the valley of Belluno is occupied by a tertiary formation, and that the earthquake shock was first felt at five minutes before five in the morning, lasting for about fifteen seconds, and producing fearful destruction over the entire region. Two-thirds of the city of Belluno were converted into a heap of dust. The movement of the earth-shock was from south to north, or, perhaps more correctly, from south-southeast to north-northwest. Many peculiar phenomena, such as the twisting of buildings, doors, walls, etc., took place, which have been fully investigated by **MALLET**. Chasms were formed 200 feet long and one or two broad, but which subsequently closed. Lakes and brooks were altered, and springs dried up, while others were opened. In some springs there was noticed for twenty or thirty minutes a sulphurous taste, which, however, disappeared. No investigation appears to have been made into the location of the earthquake centre within the earth's surface.

Interesting additions to our knowledge of the fauna of the Mammoth Cave have recently been made by Mr. F. W. **PUTNAM**, of Salem, who, as a special assistant on the Kentucky State Geological Survey, of which Professor N. S. **SHALER** is the director, had great facilities extended by the proprietors of the cave, and he made a most thorough examination of its fauna, especially in relation to the aquatic animals. Mr. **PUTNAM** passed ten days in the cave, and by various contrivances succeeded in obtaining large collections. He was particularly fortunate in catching five specimens of a fish of which only one small individual had heretofore been known, and that was obtained several years ago from a well in Lebanon, Tennessee. This fish, which Mr. **PUTNAM** had previously described from the Lebanon specimen under the name of *Chologaster agassizii*, is very different in its habits from the blind fishes of the cave and other subterranean streams, and is of a dark color. It lives principally on the bottom, and is exceedingly quick in its motions. It belongs to the same family as the two species of blind fishes found in the cave. He also obtained five specimens of four species of fishes that were in every respect identical with those of the Green River, showing that the river fish do at times enter the dark waters of the cave, and when once there apparently thrive as well as the regular inhabitants. A large number of the white blind fishes were also procured from the Mammoth Cave and from other subterranean streams. In one stream the blind fishes were found in such a position as to show that they could go into daylight if they chose, while the fact of finding the *Chologaster* in the waters of the Mammoth Cave, where all is utter darkness, shows that animals with eyes flourish there, and is another proof that color is not dependent on light. Mr. **PUTNAM** found the same array of facts in regard to the cray-fish of the cave, one species being white and blind, while another species had large black eyes, and was of various shades of a brown color. A number of living specimens of all of the above-mentioned inhabitants of the waters of the cave were successfully brought to Massachusetts after having been kept in daylight for several weeks, proving that all the blind cave animals *do not* die on being exposed to light, as has been stated.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JANUARY.

Sunday,	17.—Second Sunday after Epiphany.
Sunday,	24.—Septuagesima Sunday.
Monday,	25.—Conversion of St. Paul.
Sunday,	31.—Sexagesima Sunday.

FEBRUARY.

Tuesday,	2.—Purification B. V. M.
Sunday,	7.—Quinquagesima Sunday.
Wednesday,	10.—Ash-Wednesday.
Sunday,	14.—First Sunday in Lent.
Sunday,	21.—Second Sunday in Lent.
Wednesday,	24.—St. Matthias.
Sunday,	28.—Third Sunday in Lent.

ALMOST a "scene" was created in the St. James Church, London, of which the Rev. **STOPFORD BROOKE** is rector, by the failure of Bishop **COLENSO** to appear and preach, as had been announced. The church was so crowded that scores of persons had seated themselves on the stairs leading to the gallery; hundreds more were unable to gain admission, and went away. At the close of the preliminary service Mr. **BROOKE** announced to the congregation that he had received a notice from the Bishop of London very courteously intimating that he could not permit Dr. **COLENSO** to preach. The announcement was received, it is reported, with loud hisses. The congregation, however, remained, and listened to a sermon from Mr. **BROOKE**.

The Archbishop of Cologne has been fined again—this time to the amount of 20,000 thalers—for refusal to obey the church laws.

The Conference on the fraternal relations of the Presbyterian Churches of the North and South has been announced to meet in Baltimore January 7. Each General Assembly will be represented by a committee of distinguished ministers and laymen.

The Rev. **JOHN GREENFIELD**, clergyman of the Church of England in the diocese of Huron, Ontario, conducted service and preached in the Reformed Episcopal Church of Ottawa. He introduced his morning sermon by saying: "I feel that in preaching to you to-day I am following in the footsteps of those good men, our bishops and other ministers of the Church of England, in the old country, who have lately preached in Presbyterian churches; not that this is a new step for me to take, for I have preached in churches and schools of other denominations in the forest of Muskoka, on the prairies of the Western States, and in the Southern States. Moreover, also, my experience as a pastor in Bengal, in India, where I labored for twenty-six years, and where my congregation was one-fourth of Episcopalians and three-fourths Dissenters, and one of my church-wardens was a Methodist and the other a Presbyterian, has taught me the lesson which St. **PETER** learned from his dream." The service was attended by a large congregation.

A suit has been commenced, by direction of the Diocesan Convention of Kentucky, for the possession of the Emanuel Protestant Episcopal Church, Louisville, whose congregation last spring went over to the Reformed Episcopalians.

Father **O'KEEFFE** has obtained a verdict and sixpence damages in his last suit for libel. The case was decided in Dublin December 15.

An application for an injunction to restrain the Canada Presbyterian churches from carrying out their contemplated union was argued before Vice-Chancellor **PROUDFOOT**, and refused by him. The most important ground of refusal was that a bill was already before the Legislature intended to correct any irregularities in the union measures of the Assemblies and Synod. The vice-chancellor referred the petitioners for an injunction to the legislative committee in charge of the bill. Since the giving of his decision the proposed bill, with some amendments, has passed the Legislature.

Sunday, January 17, has been set apart for the presentation throughout the Dominion of Canada of the claims of the Christian Sabbath.

Professor **TISCHENDORF**, whose name will always be associated with the discovery of the Sinaitic manuscript, died December 1, at Leipsic. He had been in failing health for more than a year before his decease.

It is remarkable how closely the Protestant churches are approaching each other in the practical administration of their government. A few years since Dr. **JOHN HALL**, of this city, recommended a visitation of Presbyterian churches under the direction of the Presbyteries, somewhat after the manner of presiding elders' visitations among Methodists. Recently the Synod of Kentucky appointed a committee to bring vacant churches and ministers waiting calls into communication with each other. Such a system, if prudently managed, would be a great help to all the parties concerned. The effect of the experiment will no doubt be watched with interest.

Mr. **HENRY VARLEY**, a Baptist evangelist, is now preaching in Canada with great success. In early life he was a butcher, doing business in London, but over twenty years ago gave up secular pursuits and entered the ministry. He has for a long time been engaged in holding meetings in Great Britain and Ireland, and is described as a person of fine personal presence and great earnestness. He came from England to attend the Canada Evangelical Alliance, and will probably remain in America for some time.

The folly of trying to maintain in small villages two or more churches of the evangelical faith where one or at the most two would suffice was condemned by the English Congregational Union at Huddersfield as emphatically as by the American Congregational Council at New Haven. The English Union did not, howevery, propose any plan of consolidation.

The Disciples (Campbellites) propose to establish a mission in the city of Rome.

It is well known that the Lutherans of the United States are organized chiefly under the jurisdiction of four General Synods. There are besides seven individual Synods. According to *Brobst's Almanac*, the statistics for 1874 are:

	Ministers.	Congregations.	Members.
Synodical Conference......	926	1582	223,625
General Council............	639	1231	177,740
General Synod (North).....	701	1154	106,763
General Synod (South).....	99	166	12,185
Individual Synods (seven)..	153	438	37,511
Total.................	2518	4571	557,824

There are in all fifty-five Synods. Of these six are in connection with the Synodical Conference, ten with the General Council, and twenty-one with the General Synod, North. According to this same authority, the increase during the last year has been 115 ministers, 305 congregations, and 29,160 communicants. The number of churches erected during the year is estimated at 365, or one for every day. The *Lutheran Observer* expresses the opinion that no Church in the country has grown so rapidly during the last fifteen years as the Lutheran. Since 1860 it has nearly doubled the number of its ministers, congregations, and communicants. Could it be thoroughly united, it would be a still greater power than it is.

A society called "The Religious Instruction Association" has been formed in London for the purpose of using the school-rooms of the London School Board for unsectarian religious instruction on Sundays.

Although Newark, New Jersey, was first settled by Congregationalists, the Congregational churches are not numerous either in that city or in the State. The minutes of the New Jersey General Association, just published, show a total membership of 4067. The association, however, includes, besides twenty churches in New Jersey, four in New York, four in Pennsylvania, one in Baltimore, one in Washington, and one in Herndon, Virginia. The largest church is the First in Newark, which has 463 members, and the second the church in Washington, which has 413 members.

The Secretary of the Standing Committee of the diocese of New Jersey announces that the Rev. Dr. **NICHOLSON**, of Newark, who recently resigned his charge, to join the Reformed Episcopalians, has been deposed from the ministry of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The Roman Catholic authorities of the Province of Quebec intend, it is said, to appeal from the decision of the English Privy Council in the Guibord case. Where the appeal is to be carried is not stated. The ground taken by them is that the recent decision infringes the terms on which Canada was ceded by France to Great Britain. The terms, whatever they were, will not, we think, be construed by the government as putting the Roman Catholic Church in Canada beyond the control of municipal law.

The difficulty between **GUIBORD** and the Church was one of long standing. A literary association was founded in Montreal some thirty years ago, under the name of *Institut Canadien*. In 1858 some of the members, who were dissatisfied with the character of many of the volumes in the Institute library, proposed their removal from the shelves. This was resisted by the majority of the members; the minority appealed to the Bishop of Montreal, who decided in their favor, and directed the obnoxious books to be cast out of the collection. The majority of the members refusing to obey this direction, the Institute was declared to be under Church censure, and has so continued since. **GUIBORD** died five years ago, and his remains, upon the refusal to permit them to be buried in consecrated ground, were placed in a Protestant cemetery. Five years is a long period for a legal combat over a dead man's dust. As the Privy Council only directed the body to be deposited in consecrated earth, the Catholic authorities affirm that they can not be compelled to perform the usual religious service over it. And in this condition the case remains.

M. **ÉMILE DE LAVELAYE**, of Belgium, in a letter to the London *Times* (December 14), calls in question the statement of Lord **ARUNDEL** of Wardour, "that during the last two centuries no Pope has trenched upon political ground;" and also Lord **ACTON**'s opinion, that, extreme as are ultramontane opinions, they can not result in any real danger. He recalls to recollection the fact that when in 1815 King **WILLIAM** wished to give a liberal constitution to Belgium, the bishops, in the name of the Church, condemned it, and procured its rejection in the Assembly of Notables. In the "doctrinal opinion" which they issued they particularized as articles which they could not accept those which guaranteed liberty of conscience, equal protection of all religious communions by the state, the equality of all citizens before the law, and the supervision of public education by the state.

M. **LAVELAYE** adds: "Hardly had the constitution of 1830, with the help of the liberal Catholics, ratified the principles condemned by the bishops in 1815, when the Pope denounced it in his famous Encyclical of 1832. If the Catholics who are obedient to the Pope shall at any time become masters in Belgium, they will suppress liberty."

SADLIER's Catholic Directory for 1875, which has just appeared, gives the following as the statistics of the Church for 1874: "7 archbishops, 53 bishops, 4873 priests; 6920 churches, chapels, and stations, of which certainly 4800 are churches, 18 theological seminaries, and 1375 studying for the priesthood; 68 colleges, 511 academies, 1444 parish schools, 215 asylums, homes, and refuges, 87 hospitals, and a Catholic population (exclusive of Baltimore, Charleston, Erie, and Brooklyn, for which no estimates are given) of 5,761,242." In Virginia only one church in 141 is Catholic; in North Carolina, one in 277; in South Carolina, one in 100; in Georgia, one in 245; in Alabama, one in 100; in Mississippi, one in 69.

It is worthy of notice that the Directory gives 5,761,242 as the aggregate of Catholic *population* in the United States.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

IF a pretty poulteress marries a pill-monger, why may she be said to make a bad bargain of it?—Because she lets him have a "duck," and gets nothing but a quack in return.

Why is a cat on its hind-legs like the great Fall of Niagara?—Because it is a cat-erect.

EARLY RISING.

"He who will thrive must rise at five." So says the proverb, though there is more rhyme than reason in it; for if

> He who would thrive must rise at five,

it must follow, *a fortiori*,

> He who'd thrive more must rise at four;

and it will insure a *fortissimo* that

> He who'd still more thriving be
> Must leave his bed at turn of three;
> And who this latter would outdo
> Will rouse him at the stroke of two;

and, by way of climax to the whole, it should hold good that

> Who would never be outdone
> Must ever rise as soon as one.

But the best illustration would be thus:

> He who'd flourish best of all
> Should never go to bed at all.

A certain professor was noted for having a certain set of illustrations, from which he could not well deviate without running the risk of a blunder. In illustrating the powerful effects of prussic acid, he was wont to inform the class that a drop placed on a dog's tongue was sufficient to kill him. On one occasion, when lecturing his class, he said, "Mr. Smith," addressing a young man whose chance of passing was very slender, "what can you say of prussic acid? Is it powerful or otherwise?" "It is rather powerful," said the student, dubiously. "*Rather* powerful!" said the professor, indignantly; "put a drop on your tongue, and it would kill a dog!" The shout of laughter which followed, and Smith's confusion, revealed to the professor that his illustration had served a double purpose.

A wag, being asked the name of the inventor of butter stamps, replied that it was probably Cadmus, as he first brought letters into Greece.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped and fallen down on the icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

A young Scotch girl inquired of a gentleman, in broad Scotch, the road to Tremont House. He desired her to follow him, and asked her how long she had arrived from Scotland. "Sax weeks, your honor." On their arrival at their destination she very coolly inquired, "Noo, Sir, wal ye just tell me hoo ye kenned I was frae *Scotlan'?*"

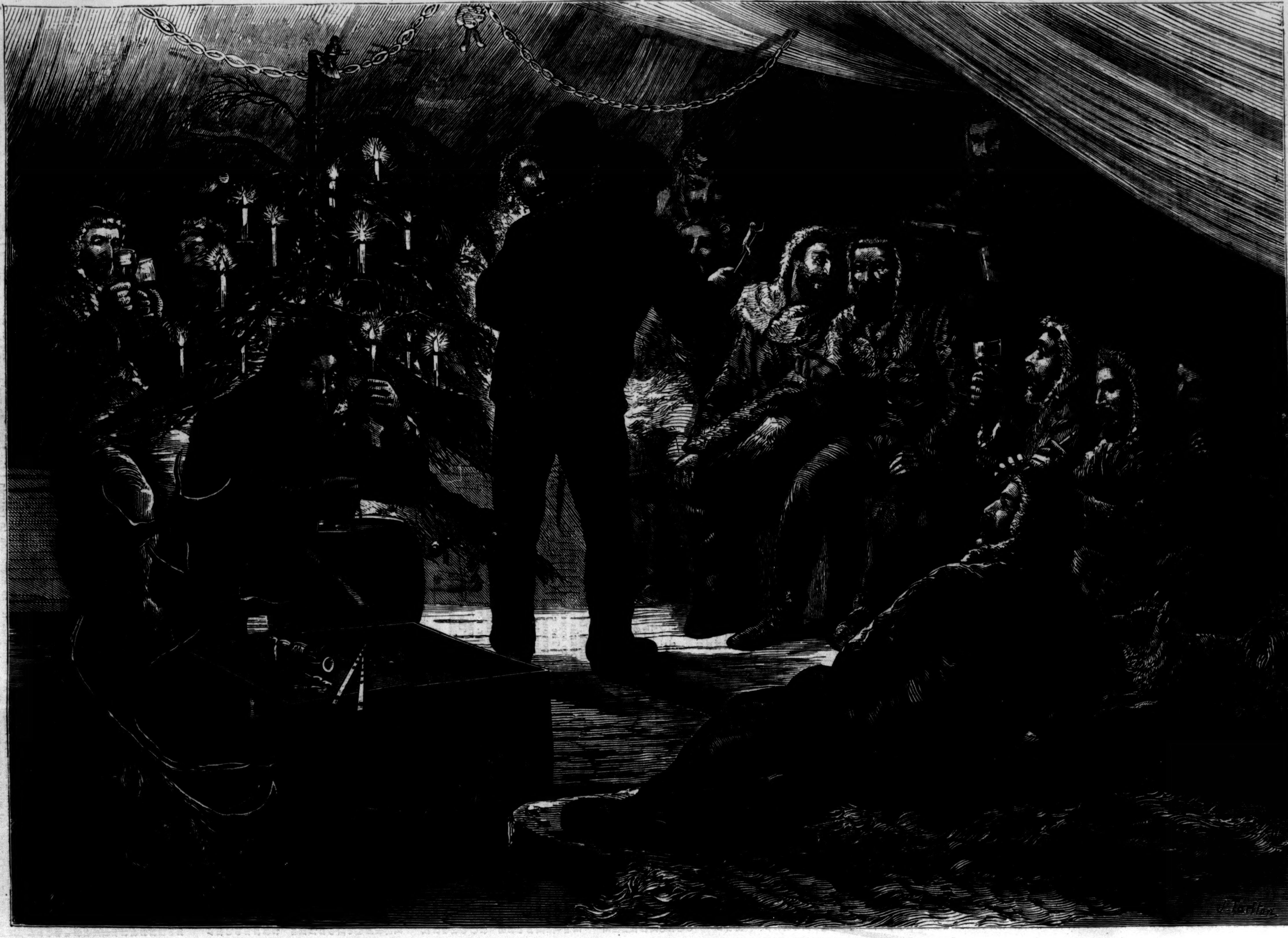
"I will and bequeath," said Pat, "to my beloved wife Bridget all my property without reserve, to my oldest son Patrick one-half of the remainder, and to Dennis, my younger son, the rest. If any thing is left, it may go to Terence O'Carty in sweet Ireland."

An attorney having died in poor circumstances, one of his friends observed that he had left but few effects. "That is not much to be wondered at," said another, "for he had but few causes."

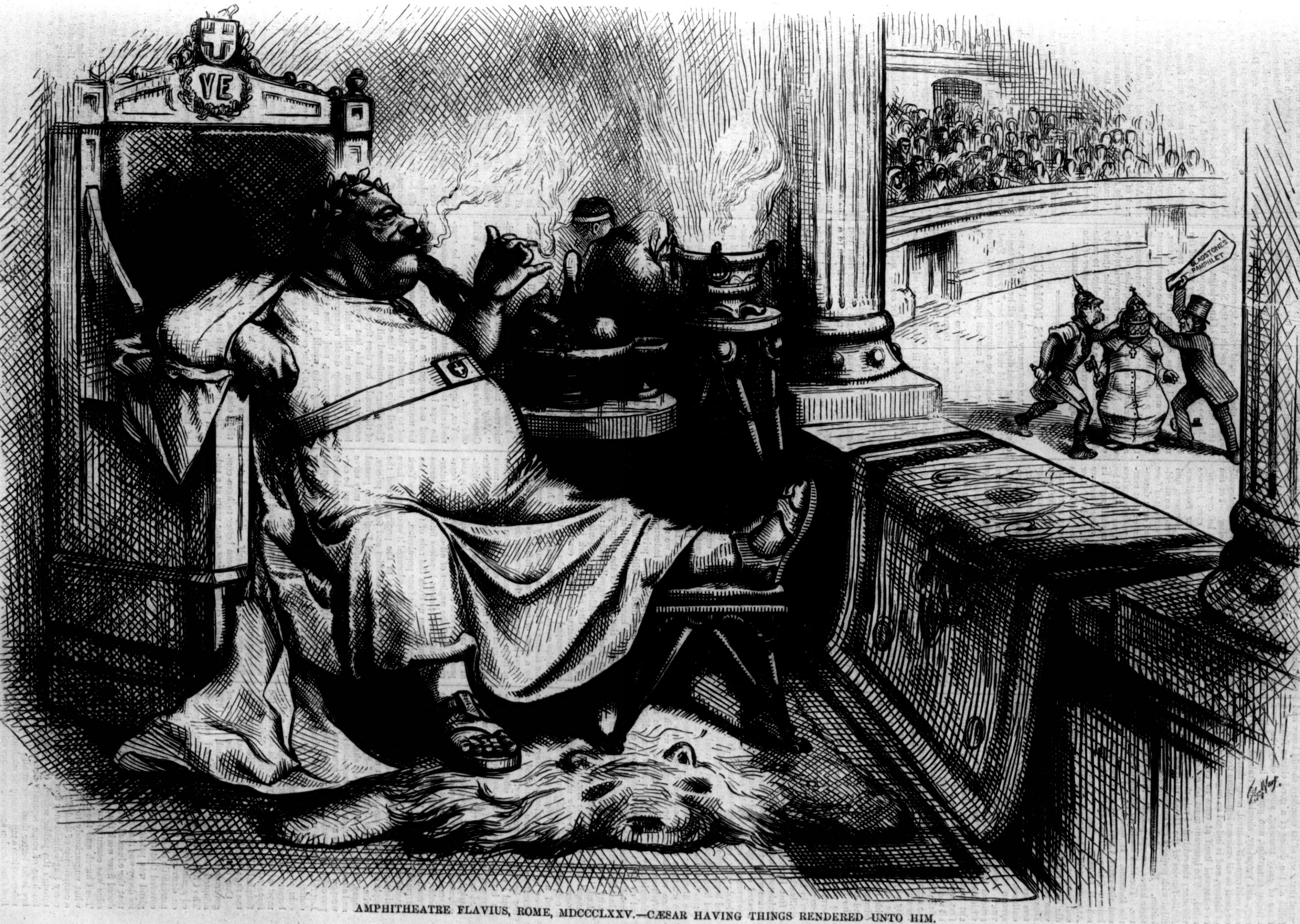
A shoe-maker was taken up for bigamy and brought before the sitting magistrate. "Which wife," asked a by-stander, "will he be obliged to take?" Brown, always ready at a joke, replied, "He is a cobbler, and of course must stick to his *last*."

"John, I saw your cousin Isaac a few weeks ago, and he had just received a fall, which cut a most horrible gash in his arm." "Ah, poor fellow, what did he fall on?" "Well, really, I forget now; but it rather strikes me he fell on Tuesday morning."

A lady once consulted Dr. Johnson on the degree of turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. I remember my school-fellow, David Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbing a dozen of orchards with impunity; but the very first time I climbed up an apple-tree—for I was always a heavy boy—the bough broke with me, and it was called judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales!"



CHRISTMAS ON AN ICE-FLOE—AN INCIDENT OF THE AUSTRIAN POLAR EXPEDITION.—[SEE PAGE 54.]


VE
GLADSTONE'S PAMPHLET

AMPHITHEATRE FLAVIUS, ROME, MDCCCLXXV.—CÆSAR HAVING THINGS RENDERED UNTO HIM.

[See Illustration on First Page.]

COMPULSORY EDUCATION IN NEW YORK.

The conception of a nation so generally educated that each of its members should know and fulfill all the duties of a good citizen from the force of early training, should obey the laws without constraint, and practice humanity, honesty, and propriety, should be trained to virtue and cultivate self-control, is one that has suggested itself to all eminent legislators from the dawn of history, and is indeed so engaging a notion as to commend itself at once to every intelligent mind. The ignorant must be governed by rude violence; the cultivated rule themselves; and the fertile fancies of the Greek thinkers were early filled with projects for enforcing a universal education. None of them, however, succeeded in their hopes, except possibly the Spartan legislator. The idea made no strong impression upon the Romans. It was adopted by the Israelite and the early Christians, and perfected in unknown China. The Arabian Caliphs founded schools in every village. Charlemagne and Alfred strove to teach the savage Germans and Saxons. The Papal Church of the Middle Ages taught in its monasteries, and the private schools of Erigena, Gerbert, Abelard, Duns Scotus, and a series of early school-masters saved education from sinking into monastic dullness. But the true parent of the modern system of teaching was the Reformation. Luther urged upon Germany the necessity of general instruction, Calvin filled his followers with mental activity, and it was in the Protestant states of Germany that the governments first took upon themselves the task of educating all their people, and of fulfilling that conception of the duty of legislators which had dawned upon the active intellects of Greece. The government became the school-master, the nation a community of pupils. Prussia, Saxony, and several of the lesser states have carried the theory out to a wide limit. No one is suffered to go without an education. In many districts it is impossible to find any person who can not read and write, and who has not learned propriety and docility in the public school; and wherever he goes the German carries with him that knowledge and discretion which serve to make him a good citizen in Missouri and New York, and a herald of civilization to Texas and Alabama.

But it was soon discovered by the German legislators that there could be no general education without compulsion, that nations must be treated as negligent and truant pupils by their governments, and a whole people be sent to school; that to neglect knowledge is a crime, and brutal ignorance an offense against society; and hence Saxony, Prussia, and several German states introduced compulsory education, and for the first time in the annals of history presented the example of communities from which ignorance was banished by law, and in which the government defended itself against crime and pauperism by teaching good morals and self-control to all its children. Compulsory education spread to Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. Its valuable effects are every where seen in the prosperity of the nations where it has been introduced, in a higher standard of public morals, a general obedience to the law, a hope of further progress. It has already united Germany into a confederation of intelligent minds, and created a power that overawes the surrounding races by a real superiority. Nor has public education any where flourished where it has not been made compulsory. Italy lingers behind its fellows; France, whose system of public instruction was perfected by Guizot and Cousin, is still one of the ignorant and uncivilized nations, and its recent census shows the remarkable fact that it owes the larger part of its educated population to the influence of German example. Knowledge has spread itself over the border, and the only well-instructed part of the French nation is that which lies nearest to the Germans. As France recedes from the Rhine, ignorance deepens. The departments on the Atlantic almost sink into barbarism, and of the people of Brittany one-half can neither read nor write. It was after Jena (1807–8) that Prussia began, in the midst of intolerable shame, disaster, and almost despair, to forge anew that intellectual weapon that was to cleave the armor of its most powerful adversaries. The king, the queen, Louisa, and the minister Stein joined in encouraging the education of the people. The compulsory law was enforced, the school-master became an object of national solicitude, and almost within half a century Prussia snatched the imperial crown from the Austrian Kaiser, and founded a Protestant and united Germany amidst the rage and discomfiture of its papal foes.

One of the latest converts to the theory of governmental instruction, England, in 1870, adopted compulsory and universal education. The Church and the land-owners vainly protested against an innovation that seemed to threaten destruction to all lingering abuses; but the mercantile class and the manufacturers had discovered that the commercial supremacy of England was passing away, and that the cause of its decay was the intense ignorance of its people; that the educated artisans of the Continent produced finer work than the English; that knowledge was essential to the factory and the farm. The Church and the land-owners yielded somewhat ungraciously to the will of the majority; a compromise of doubtful value was effected, and every Englishman may now be compelled to pass through the public school, or to fall under the teaching of some separate denomination. The law is far better than none at all; it may yet be reformed into a more scientific method, but for the first time London sees commodious school-houses springing up on all sides, and its money expended upon palaces of education. Yet possibly our own country has shown the most unaccountable reluctance to embrace this salutary provision, and compel all its children to learn the duties of the citizen. Our school-houses, at least in the cities, are the finest and most commodious of all. Our outlay upon public instruction is more liberal than that of any other nation. Our teachers are often highly cultivated, our pupils docile and well-trained, and our common-school system, spreading from ocean to ocean, has become dear to the millions of republicans who have learned the lesson of human equality and of democratic simplicity beneath its kindly shelter. Yet the want of a compulsory provision has left our country in many of its sections behind even France or Italy in general education. Our Southern States present one vast mass of ignorance, and from the Potomac to Colorado spreads an uncultivated territory where not one person out of four has learned the common duties and even decencies of life. They have never learned that murder is to be punished by society with relentless justice, and well-known assassins, we are told by Southern correspondents, walk unchallenged in almost every Southern town and village, and are favorite guests at the balls and revels of New Orleans. They have never learned that labor is honorable, and their depraved young men haunt the tavern and the gaming-table, and live upon the plunder of the colored people, whom they persecute at will. Ignorance is the parent of every crime, and every Southern State overflows with riot, murder, and disorder. Nor is the condition of our large cities much more fortunate. A vast and uneducated foreign population flows in upon us annually, and even Boston, where education might be supposed to have found its source, has never yet ventured to enforce thoroughly a compulsory provision; and it appears by recent statistics that more than three-fourths of the crime and pauperism of the city comes from that section of its people who have never been sent to school. Boston, in fact, still nourishes a criminal class by failing to do what Prussia and Germany have taught it long ago should be done at once. New York is in a far worse condition than the Eastern capital. Here our public schools, so perfect and imposing often in all their appointments, have never reached the poorest class of our children. A hundred thousand persons above ten years of age with us can neither read nor write, and throughout the State 150,000 more add to the general prevalence of disorder. In the whole country it is estimated that 6,000,000 of persons are as uncultivated as the brutes around them. In the German Empire, of a population of nearly 40,000,000, it would not be possible to find 6000 as ignorant as this class of our own.

Had compulsory education been adopted as one of the first principles of our Constitution—and the vain lament is at least not without instruction—had all our people been thoroughly trained in good morals and a taste for letters, what a train of evils might we not have avoided! What waste of life, of industry, and capital, what public corruption and private folly! Slavery must have died out with no mad convulsion; there would have been no civil war nor conflict of races; the wealth of the country would have been doubled and equally diffused; there would have been two-thirds less pauperism and crime. Or had the city of New York introduced compulsory instruction half a century ago, it must have escaped nearly all the evils that now press it to the earth. Its past administration has been the shame of freedom. Our city has been ruled by a class of men more infamous even than the worst instruments of European despotism. Some of them have been sent to prison or exile, others are again ruling over us. But to the vast mass of ignorance in our city must be attributed the enormous debt that weighs upon us, the political and moral degradation, the depredations and prominence of a foreign Church, the loss of commerce, and the neglect of all our material interests, and that almost hopeless future that seems opening upon us from the rule of the worst, the dangerous, class of our population. If New York had been thoroughly educated it would never have fallen into the hands of the profligate and the immoral, of Irish Catholics and foreign priests. Happily our last Republican Legislature passed an act for compulsory education that may serve to amend many of these evils. If it can be carried out under a Democratic administration, it will at least lay the foundation of future progress and prosperity. The year 1875 will open a new period in the history of the State that may at last leave New York not far behind and possibly far in advance of its European models. We can not escape the penalties we have imposed upon ourselves by the neglect of education in the past; we can only strive to avoid them in the future. The new act is not in itself complete and thorough. It would have been better to have compelled every citizen to pass some years at a public school. The system of our public instruction, too, may yet be made more simple, accurate, and republican. But we may rejoice that a decisive policy in this most important of all our domestic affairs has been adopted—a step that can never be reversed, and which will make the political foresight of Governor Dix and his Republican associates memorable with posterity.

But if compulsory education is so necessary to a single State, how much more is it the chief requisite to the future progress and safety of the whole people? If it is not enforced from ocean to ocean, over our whole population, we must suffer again the constant recurrence of the disorders and convulsions of the past. Six millions of human beings, perhaps one-fourth of the population of the country of a suitable age to learn, our voters and our masters, wander over our ample territory, ignorant, dull, helpless, the peril and the shame of freedom. Of these a large part are the legacy of slavery, another of the influence of a foreign priesthood. The safety of the nation requires that they should be educated at once. The perils and sufferings the country has borne from the rule of ignorance show that there should be no hesitation in this matter. Commerce, manufactures, and every branch of industry demand an educated people. The perpetuation of liberty and of our free institutions hangs upon our conduct in this supreme affair. The disordered South will never know rest until it has been cultivated in the elements of progress. The decay of Republican simplicity and honesty must be rapid where ignorance prevails, and freedom must perish in the New World as in the Old without the aid of knowledge. There can be no doubt that the law of compulsory education should be extended to every part of the Union. This is the reform which we require more than all others, and one in which, in fact, all others are included. What the country most needs is a national compulsory education law that will leave none of its people uneducated, and a national administration capable of executing it. Nor could we more appropriately celebrate the Centennial of the republic than by electing officials and a Congress pledged to make the general government the school-master of the coming ages.

Eugene Lawrence.

AN OLD GIRL'S ROMANCE.

"I would not marry *him*," said Victoire, saucily, laughing and displaying all her white teeth.

"And I would not marry her," replied Fred. "My wife shall be a brunette, not one of those washy white girls, I can tell you."

"Oh, indeed!"

The subject of discussion was this: Captain Abraham Crocker was to marry Deborah Scrid on that very day. While these sharp young critics expressed their opinions the following conversation occurred in a comfortable white house on the main street.

"I guess you've missed it for once," said Uncle Asa.

"Yes, and folks can't say that the captain's lost by the bargain, neither," added mother, querulously. "Deborah's a sight younger than you be, Abby. You're thirty next July, if you're a day."

Abby Fowler, school-mistress, stood before the glass in the sitting-room tying her yellow bonnet-strings, but she possessed sufficient dignity to make no reply. The face reflected in the glass flushed painfully, yet she said nothing. Mrs. Fowler, inserting work-stiffened fingers into a pair of new gloves, looked askance at her daughter to see how she took it. She married respectably in her youth: why should not Abby, when a good opportunity had offered, too? Whims, fancies! Do not talk to a New England matron about girlish fancies, if you please.

Grandmother came in from the kitchen—a little old woman, with a nut-brown false front and a black cap of unknown antiquity, disposed to take a gloomy view of life since her bit of money, put by in the bank, had been stolen by robbers, and apt to consider her old age a burden to others unless she worked her way.

"Abby's got on her best fixin's if she ain't the bride," said grandmother, in her thin, piping voice.

Poor Abby! Even grandmother proved a broken reed on the day of the captain's wedding.

"You be the first old maid in our family," observed the old lady, pulling down her spectacles from the false front to the bridge of her sharp old nose. "If I only had my money back, I could leave it to ye. I dare say you'll need it yet. Deary me, them thieves!"

Passing along the village street, the school-mistress ran the gauntlet of public comment. "Abby looks mighty solemn over the weddin'. Guess she's sorry," commented Rockybeach, with one voice.

Yes, Captain Crocker was going to be married, and the event naturally created a sensation. He was burly in form, forty-five years of age, and not altogether a God-fearing man; for in his maturity he carried out a boast of early youth *not* to go to meeting three times on Sunday, and to sail chip boats in the cove instead if he chose. The village confessed all this with many shakes of the head; but then the captain was rich, and returning from his last voyage, had built the large house on the hill, with cupola and green-house. Gossip dwelt rapturously on the velvet carpets, curtains, and china therein contained, wondering who would be mistress of the new mansion. Lo! the captain cast a favorable eye on Abby Fowler, and in his choice evinced excellent judgment, as Rockybeach boasted not of her superior.

"I would rather work my fingers to the bone, or be a galley-slave," she said, indignantly. "A woman can always go out to service if every thing else fails, I suppose."

Then the rich man in his wrath wooed and won pretty Deborah, the milliner's daughter. Belle of the dry-goods' clerks was Deborah, fond of finery, and impatient of the snubs of older girls, who never lost an opportunity of putting her down. Might she not hold her head high as Mrs. Crocker, instead of measuring off ribbons for other people to wear behind her mother's counter?

Mrs. Scrid's parlor over the shop was opened for the grand occasion, and thither flocked the guests. The room smelled of varnish, being used only for funerals and weddings. A portrait of the late Mr. Scrid seemed to stare down in round-eyed surprise at the unusual proceedings from the wall, and a little stove erected for the day blazed spitefully, blushing red on one side, and emitting a strong odor of blacking from the other. Flower-pots from the captain's conservatory were disposed about a gilt looking-glass. Mrs. Scrid and the neighbors who assisted her skurried about with flushed faces, and whispered nervously together in corners.

The minister came with his book; then the bride, conscious of her blue silk gown; then the bridegroom in a white waistcoat. Talk about the worldliness of city life! Condemn the European *mariage de convenance!* Verily, a trifle of the leaven must have crept into our country homes when young Deborah stood there in her blue gown willing to wed bottle-nosed Captain Crocker for the house on the hill. The minister made them man and wife, and Deacon Bangs overturned one of the flower-pots by way of conclusion to the ceremony. Perhaps the roses of Deborah's girlhood were then crushed forever. She enjoyed her hour of triumph. Rockybeach was very respectful to Mrs. Abraham Crocker. Uncle Asa cracked his joke with the happy couple. Cake was served, and lumpy ice-cream, congealed by Mrs. Scrid in a reluctant freezer. Rockybeach did not taste ice-cream every day. Returning home, the walk of the would-be spinster Abby was enlivened by doleful sighs on the part of her mother and occasional sniffs from Uncle Asa, more eloquent than words.

Grandmother piped over the dough she was kneading, "So Deborah's gone, eh? and we've got our Abby agin."

"You don't seem very grateful for the blessing," said Abby, grimly. And indeed it is small wonder if the poor soul *was* grim by that time.

She sought her own chamber, and took a band-box from the cupboard. A faded daguerreotype and packet of letters were enshrined in this homely receptacle. Ah me! little consolation even here. These relics belonged to Albert Marshall, lover of her youth, who had jilted her. At least she could be faithful to the memory of her dead love.

It is unpleasant to be no longer young, and still more unpleasant to be sharply reminded of the fact. While the captain and his bride were jaunting away in the stage-coach on their wedding journey, Abby Fowler was fighting her own battle in her little room. She sat with her elbows on the sill of the window, through which her longing eyes had searched hungrily for a wider horizon many years. She was trying to face her future bravely; but strive as she would to paint it in vivid colors, she could find only pale neutral tints on the palette of her imagination. It looked blank enough, certainly. The first bloom of youth, which glorifies the plainest face, had vanished forever. The captain, in all his repulsive ugliness, was her last chance of having a home and family of her own. She was to join the army of old girls. Tears came to her eyes as she pictured herself the unwilling recruit to swell the ranks.

"God help us all!" she ejaculated. "Why could there not be a war for women, to restore the balance? I suppose there's the heart of a robbed mate bleeding somewhere for every soldier sleeping on our battle-fields." If there was work for her to do in the world, she was willing to do it: the puzzle was to discover in which direction it lay. Her spirit rebelled against believing that the path of duty led only to the brick school-house. She longed for a wider sphere; there was all the dormant energy in her nature which had carried her brothers to sea to perish in its storms.

"They died like brave men," said Abby, proudly.

Jane White could teach the academy. But she—what could she *not* do if she tried, with enthusiasm enough to learn? Here she made a mistake. No school-marm taught the young idea of Rockybeach as well as herself, especially in the matter of geography. This was the key of her ambition. She wished to see the world, and so described countries graphically to the children, in a way that could not fail to interest them. To be principal of the academy had once been her highest aim.

At the age of four her small feet had carried her up the hill to the fountain held sacred in all New England homes—the school-house—to receive her initiation into the mysteries of the alphabet. In those days a master reigned over the boys and girls—a master of the dry, reticent, learned type, wearing a wig, and addicted to snuff.

Later a girl of twelve, tall, thin, and freckled, with a limp sun-bonnet under her arm, stood before his table to hear the master dissect her first Greek translation. This girl was Abby Fowler. How he pierced it with little sarcasms and quotations! How he revealed the faulty construction of sentences! With a smile curving his thin lips, the master, having demonstrated that a larger crop of errors could not have flourished on the straggling page, gave it back. The girl received the paper in silence, but there was a warning glitter in her eye. If there was true metal in her, it would endure discouragement, the master reflected. There was metal, although he did not dream of the form into which fusion, from the fire of his severe rebuff, would shape it. Her pride was stung by this public exhibition of ignorance.

"I will learn enough to fill your place yet—see if I do not!" Thus spake the flashing eyes as they shattered rays of indignation on the back of the master's wig. Night and day the busy young brain toiled, stimulated by this aim. The pages swam before her eyes, her dreams became nightmares of unconquerable verbs and Sphinx-like problems. She worried herself into a fever, and out of it again, thanks to a strong constitution. The town came to speak of her as a "likely gal." Albert Marshall, young and enthusiastic, said, "Good for you!" Hopeful Marshall laughed indolently, while twining violets in her dark tresses, using the brook for a mirror. "What's the use of a woman's knowing so much?"

The solid structure of Abby's education, founded on a broad mathematical basis, had also domes and pinnacles of Greek, Latin, and Hebrew, although she had no familiarity with modern languages, or music beyond the boundaries of psalm tunes. The old master was superannuated, and Abby duly installed, for Rockybeach held a unanimous opinion that a girl who could read the Scriptures in Hebrew, instead of plain English, was capable of reigning over the academy. But her spirit was progressive. She was infected with the indefinable restlessness which stirs all the nerve currents of a nation still young, with a vast inheritance of territory to cultivate, and a destiny to fulfill. Had she been a man, she would have gone to sea, or founded a home in the Rocky Mountains, whither she would have taken her household gods, her Longfellow and Whittier, her patent mowing-machine, her faith in brown-bread and cod-fish.

A tap on the door disturbed her meditations, and a pale, thin woman entered.

"I'm glad to see you, Desire," said Abby.

"Thought I'd just look in," returned Desire.

Then there was silence, Abby comprehending that the other's reticence was a delicate expression of sympathy. A quiet, gentle woman, who did the village dress-making, gliding like a shadow from house to house—by sheer force of contrast Abby's meek satellite.

"Hopeful has gone to live in Washington."

"Well, she slighted us long ago."

"She is keeping house for her cousin. Albert's wife died last year, and he is a Senator now, you know."

Abby made no reply. Albert's wife dead! Albert a Senator! Cruel, deceitful, base, he had been, yet she liked to hear of his prosperity. Her head grew confused, and her face flushed.

"I believe that Hopeful loved Albert herself, and made mischief," pursued Desire, musingly. "She married, to be sure, and is a widow."

"Then the mischief-makers prosper," retorted Abby.

Albert Marshall was the love of her youth. Over the sterner duties of the academy had floated a rosy cloud; flowers found their way slyly between the pages of solemn dictionaries; brown eyes and blue sought each other with a growing, sweet intelligence. Handsome Cousin Hopeful pouted, but Abby was Albert's sweetheart. Never to be forgotten the day when the young man went to seek his fortune in the West! She stood again at the gate beneath the perfumed shade of the lilac bushes, with the hot, dusty road beyond, and Albert looking back wistfully. Then followed a visit, after the lapse of a year, from a sedate young man, conscious of a beard, to a demure maiden, mindful that her muslin gown was "done up" for the occasion. The visit left her engaged, for Cousin Hopeful no longer watched, having gone to live in the West, where she married.

Abby's heart was blithe. She sang as she worked, for the future glowed with sunset hues. Then came a stiff, ambiguous letter, answered promptly with pride; then a long, sickening silence. What did it mean? It meant that Cousin Hopeful, if not loved herself, would poison the mind of a lover far away. If Albert would not marry her, he should not wed Abby. Thus she played with subtle touch on many chords, and there was growing distrust and anger. A young woman may not journey to the far West to ask her lover what is separating them, so Abby waited. Her healthy nature could not bear this ordeal. She fell ill, and the busy life became a blank. When convalescent a letter was placed in her feeble hand—a harsh, unjust letter, taxing her with infidelity to her absent lover, and stating that if she did not immediately reply, clearing herself, all was over between them. The letter was already old, mother having laid it away in the family Bible. Abby resumed her tasks, well aware that the crystal goblet of happiness had slipped from her grasp, and lay shivered to atoms on the ground. Clear herself from false charges, forsooth! If Albert Marshall did not know her nature better, let him take his course. She never wrote again, and the next thunder-bolt was Albert's marriage—a measure so hasty as to suggest revenge. That was all, and the years rolled on.

"Come right home along of me, dear. Do! Squire Scudder's sent me a mince-pie," urged Desire.

Grandmother looked after them with scorn. "There go them two creeturs, comfortin' each other. I don't suppose Desire ever flew in the face of Providence as our Abby has, though."

Abby returned from the visit much strengthened in spirit, and retired to read a book from the Rockybeach circulating library by the light of a private candle. I know of no stronger contrast in life than our plain heroine, seated in a rocking-chair, and the Old-World people she read about in that book. She mingled with duchesses in velvet robes and ministers of state; she climbed Alpine heights and dreamed among ruins. She was aroused by a feeble but dignified cough. Grandmother sat on the top stair, in night-cap and shawl, waiting solemnly for the candle to be extinguished. It was "nuts" to the old lady to catch Abby thus. As for trying one's eyesight by reading at that hour in grandmother's youth, it would have ranked with witchcraft and the Black Art.

"I wish that I had never founded the library," thought Abby, returning to reality with a sigh, and whiffing out the candle.

The library was kept in a closet by the doctor's wife, who wrote for the county paper. The girls of Rockybeach paid twopence a volume, and launched recklessly into the world of romance.

Down in her little house the dress-maker, most timid and shrinking of women, was guilty of a bold deed. She wrote to Senator Albert Marshall! Her courage oozed, and she left the missive anonymous from sheer terror. It read thus:

"If Mr. Marshall will visit his native place again, after so many years of absence, he will never regret it."

The little seed bore fruit in this wise: a stranger came by the morning boat to Rockybeach, a tall, dignified man, who gazed about him like one in a trance. How old he felt among the scenes of childhood! He might have been a Rip Van Winkle returning after a twenty years' sleep, instead of a prosperous man in his prime, who had worked his way up with a new State.

"Can you tell me where Captain Crocker lives?" he inquired of a small boy, and was directed to the house on the hill.

"Just too late! Ah, well, she may have altered too. I only wonder she has not married before. And now it is a rich match. Abby has learned worldly wisdom at last." He smiled rather dryly at this idea.

"Can I see Mrs. Crocker?" he asked of a smart servant.

"Well, I never! Of course you can't," said the smart servant, closing the door indignantly.

A gardener wheeling his barrow along the path added, "The babby ain't a week old, you see, Sir."

The discomfited stranger flushed angrily. Was the letter a hoax? Was he brought here to play the fool? Well, he might discover friends in the grave-yard.

The school-mistress rang her bell sharply, and in response to the summons the tramp of small boots echoed through the building. Shrill voices subsided to murmurs, which made the academy seem like a hive of busy insects. And, indeed, were not the brain cells stored with honey there?

A pretty squirrel leaped on the floor, looking drolly around. Fun gleamed in chubby faces; one boy hid his head behind his slate. Never had this lad evinced such industry before. The little animal whisked its tail, ran nimbly up the school-mistress's chair (who screamed), then capered off, and nestled in the jacket of the industrious boy. Laughter bubbled forth; to see their school-marm "scared" was altogether too much for the gravity of the little people.

"Jean, come here."

The boy advanced slowly, with the squirrel's tiny head peering out of his pocket. There he stood, unlike all his companions, even to the instinct of taming wild animals. A short, squarely built lad, with narrow head, black hair, and bronzed skin. One day the selectman had brought two writhing victims to school—Jean and his sister Victoire. The children were shy, the blood of Indian and French voyageur coursed in their veins. The family had roamed over the border, and built a hut on the edge of the wood. The father perished in a snow-drift. Rockybeach brought the widow into town, the selectman pounced on the children. School was a strait-jacket. The girl Victoire submitted; the boy Jean remained savage. In vain he hid in the woods, in barns, and cellars; the pursuer hunted him out. Jean could no more escape from the selectman than from destiny. It was the selectman's duty to have every child learn to read and write. Rockybeach was poor, worked hard for a living, but set the school-house on the hill-top, like a light-house tower, and proclaimed to the world universal education.

The course of justice was interrupted by Victoire, who tripped in, breathless with excitement.

"A gentleman is coming here," she cried.

He already stood in the door, and shaded his eyes with an expression of doubt and astonishment. There was a sound of surging waters in Abby's ears, the windows wavered, the great stove reeled.

"You here, Abby? I thought you had married Captain Crocker." He stepped forward eagerly, glad recognition in his smile.

But she never answered. The school-marm had fainted. After that there was a holiday. The academy rejoiced. All the pupils saw was the meeting of two sober persons, long separated—a tall, grave man, and a comely, robust woman, with that beauty of true integrity which outlives time. Not knowing what to make of it, young Rockybeach trooped off, with jubilant shouts, to tell the news.

"I believed you unfaithful long ago, and now that you had married Captain Crocker."

"Who told you?"

"Cousin Hopeful heard the news."

"And with Cousin Hopeful's aid you have thought ill of me all these years," said Abby.

"I would rather have you think well of me than any woman living," he replied.

This was the way they made it up, walking toward the old familiar gate, while their hearts sang, like the glistening rivulets, in the glad day of reconciliation. Present happiness enabled them to fold away the leaf of long separation.

Victoire came down the hill behind them, swinging her tin luncheon pail. She met Fred, flushed and elated with the result of a journey to Longport.

"Oh, Fred," whispered sixteen to eighteen, in an awed tone, "they are lovers!"

"Guess not. They are a great deal too old," replied Fred, with a reflective shake of the head.

Then he took from his pocket a ring purchased at Longport—such a splendid ring, with diamonds and rubies of an astounding size—which he slipped on Victoire's brown finger. The little maiden agreed to wear it, growing unaccountably shy and silent the while.

Rockybeach received an electric shock. The tidings flew from house to house. Abby Fowler was going to marry Albert Marshall, who was a Senator! Talk about Captain Abraham Crocker? He had never inspired the profound interest that this man created. The wooing was short.

"We've lost much time already," said the suitor, during one of those long conversations, which were so precious and tender, when the old horse-hair sofa became a throne. Gossip declared there never was such a man for hurry; he really gave the lady no time to decide between flounces and puffed trimmings.

Who so proud as Uncle Asa to present the Senator to his fellow-towns-people in the academy? The visitor could make a speech, believe me, and on this occasion he talked in a pleasant, easy vein, with a manly ring to his words.

They were married in the meeting-house, and seldom did a Sabbath bring together such an array of wagons covered with buffalo-skin, rickety buggies, and ancient carry-alls as then crowded the sheds. The pale dress-maker, Desire, stood at her door looking wistfully toward sunset out over the sea. Perhaps she read in the clouds of gold and crimson the reward—not of this world—for a good action. The husband and wife turned their faces to the Future—the wide realm of the West.

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

THIS is just the season for taking cold—first a few snapping cold days, then a long spell of damp, foggy weather, so mild that winter garments feel oppressive, and yet one does not dare to take them off. When some unfortunate sits with throbbing brow, stuffed head, sore throat, and a vexatious little cough, when alternate chills and fever fits run over his whole body, and he feels "most miserable," if any thing in the world can interest him, it is the flood of remedies suggested by sympathizing friends, or the "certain cure for colds" which meets the eye in almost every newspaper of the day. Pages would not be sufficient even to give a brief mention of all these remedies—allopathic, homeopathic, hydropathic—for a "cold" is one of the most common as well as one of the most uncomfortable of the ills to which flesh is heir. Not long ago we read somewhere an article on "How to avoid taking cold"—a practical point which every body would like to understand for his own personal comfort. The general idea advanced was that when the body is at its prime, with youth, vigor, purity of blood, and a good constitution on its side, no ordinary exposure will cause any unpleasant effects; indeed, ordinary precautions against colds may be disregarded without danger. But when the blood is impure, the body disordered, and the vigor of life begins to wane, then colds will be developed often upon the slightest provocation and without any known exposure. It frequently seems as though no degree of care will prevent a person with a feeble constitution from "taking cold," as it is termed. To be secure from this evil the vital processes must be strong and in healthy action. Consequently the best way to avoid taking cold is to build up a good constitution by obeying all the laws of health. Those who are permanently and incurably weak and feeble must doubtless submit to their fate. They must carefully guard against exposures—and even then will doubtless be afflicted with "colds."

It has been stated that between five and six hundred children have been reported as the lost Charley Ross.

In Hartford, Connecticut, there is an old servant-woman, over sixty, who has worked all her life for one dollar a week and her board. She has spent almost nothing of her earnings, and her savings put into the bank amount now to between $6000 and $7000. She has always refused to make a will, alleging that she would be sure to die if she should make such evident preparations for death.

An item for smokers. Professor Chevalier reports the case of a young man who made a wager that he would smoke twelve cigars. After smoking eight he felt decidedly uncomfortable, and when he had finished the ninth he was attacked with giddiness and shiverings. The tenth cigar made him worse, but he refused to leave off smoking, and his friends took charge of him to his home. There he was seized with severe pain. A physician was called, but the foolish youth died that night.

The Thames Embankment is said to be gradually becoming the handsomest boulevard in Europe. Time will make it finer than any thing of the kind in Paris or elsewhere, and the trees, etc., are doing their best to make the time short.

Fresh oysters are very highly valued at St. Petersburg. They are brought from so great a distance that the heat of summer often spoils them, and in winter they are in danger of being frozen. Sometimes they are sold for a ruble apiece.

Matrimonial advertisements are nothing new. In a recent work on the history of advertising the following specimen is given from the London *Morning Post* of anuary 21, 1775:

"A gentleman of honor and property, having in his disposal at present a young lady of good family with a fortune of £60,000 on her marriage with his approbation, would be very happy to treat with a man of fashion and family who may think it worth his while to give the advertiser a gratuity of £5000 on the day of marriage. Letters addressed," etc.

About half of the Maine ice crop remains unsold, and will be all ready for another season. All the ice harvested in that State was of excellent quality, especially the Kennebec ice.

The Congressional Library has been increased during the past year by 15,405 volumes. The collection of books has already twice doubled within thirteen years, and there are more books now than room for them. Librarian Spofford urges the construction of a separate building for the special accommodation of the books.

During the past year 291 vessels have been built in the State of Maine, having an aggregate tonnage of over 132,390 tons. These figures indicate a season of great activity in ship-building.

The Russian prince who stole his mother's diamonds a while ago has been declared insane by an imperial ukase, and has been placed under the guardianship of his father.

The Buffalo *Express*, in commenting upon the recent reunion of the New York Teachers' Association, and the protests made against the reduction of salaries for economy's sake, remarks:

"What argument can be offered in favor of economy like that? None. And it is perfectly evident that the object of the authors of that proposition is not economy, but to demoralize and bring into disrepute the public-school system in New York. It is an outrage that will not be tolerated if the public is awakened to a comprehension of its gross injustice and full meaning."

A Connecticut clergyman was recently called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, but on reaching the appointed place he discovered that the certificate had been given in an adjoining town, and could not be used elsewhere. After some hesitation the bride elect proposed that the parties walk over the town boundary, and thus remove the difficulty, which suggestion was adopted. The ensuing scene is thus described: "The moon was shining in full splendor when the clergyman's words were pronounced on a little eminence in an open field. At one side stretched the waters of the Sound, with not a breath of air rippling their smooth surface, and the moon's light fell like a benediction on the bared heads of the happy pair."

The care needful to be taken in all gymnastic exercises is exemplified by the recent sad accident in the gymnasium of the Institute of Technology, in Boston. A son of the Hon. William Cushing was exercising on the vaulting bar, and while swinging on the bar his grasp loosened, and he came to the floor several feet beyond where the mattresses were placed to guard against accidents. In falling he dislocated the vertebræ of the upper part of the backbone, near the neck, and below this he was paralyzed. He remained conscious and able to speak, but could neither feel nor move his limbs. He was taken to the Massachusetts General Hospital, and little hope was given by physicians of his recovery.

The following story is good, especially if true: An Episcopal church lately employed one of its members to order a bell to be cast in Toronto, with the motto upon it, "Merry Christmas." In due time the article was made and delivered; but imagine the chill which dashed the benignity of that committee when it was uncovered, and the inscription, which had been given to the agent verbally, was seen to read, "Mary Christmast." The best nerve among them broke the spell of silence by refusing to accept the job. Whereupon the other party produced a written order in the agent's hand to prove that he had "followed copy." The committee concluded to hush up the affair of the bell.

In a recent lecture given by Dr. Habershon at Guy's Hospital, London, he mentioned the case of an old man whose death was caused by the shock experienced by going out into the cold and fog. What was only an inconvenience to a strong person was sufficient to lead to fatal results in one whose vital force was greatly reduced. The doctor recommended that old people should be kept specially warm, and be nourished by good food, taken at more frequent intervals than is needful for ordinary persons.

A Vermont gentleman whose house was infested with rats purchased a supply of "coal-tar" at the gas-works, and placed small quantities of it in the rat-holes and around them. The rats have become disgusted with their treatment, and have left the premises.

A temporary resident in Naples writes:

"I am almost tempted to smile as I speak of this 'sunny land,' for snow-storms are flying over the mountains, every ridge is capped with white, and Vesuvius is dazzling with its snowy peak."

The Boston School Committee have raised the salaries of the teachers in the high and grammar schools. The increase is reported to be from $200 to $500 a year.

If coffee is a dangerous stimulant, Americans must be on their guard. Statistics go to show that the annual consumption of this delicious beverage in this country amounts to about seven pounds for each person. California uses more than any other State—about twenty pounds to each inhabitant. England consumes only one pound and one-eighth to each person; but then England fills up the deficiency with tea.

The invention of postal cards is attributed to Professor Emanuel Herman, of Vienna. They were used in England, Germany, and Switzerland in 1870, in Belgium and Denmark in 1871, and in Norway, Russia, and the United States in 1872–73. In some foreign countries a card is attached on which an answer may be returned. It is said that tons of postal cards are destroyed in our Dead-letter Office, because people write their message first, and then forget to address the card.

It has been sagaciously remarked that a woman's only reason for any thing is "because." This theory is borne out by the way the girls operate with counterfeit notes which come under their hand in the Treasury Department. General Spinner, who has had twelve years' experience in the work, says they are worth ten times as much as the men for such business. "A man always has a reason for a counterfeit," says the general; "forty, maybe, but he is wrong half the time. A woman never has a reason. She says 'tis counterfeit because it is counterfeit; and she is always right, though she could not tell how she found out if she were to be hung for it."

There are a good many funny things on the files of the civil service examiners at Washington. For instance, two candidates for $1600 a year in the Treasury recently said that George Washington discovered America; another, to the question, "Who were the two noted Polish generals in the American Revolution?" answered, promptly, "Cromwell and Lafayette." A young lady modestly replied, when asked what clerical experience she had had, "Very little, as she joined the church only last week."

Several letters were deposited in the Richmond (Virginia) Post-office just before Christmas, addressed to Santa Claus. One of them was directed, "Santa Claus, Greenland, North Pole." Another was directed as follows: "Santa Clause, sleigh drawn by eight reindeers." An open letter, directed, simply, "Santa Claus," read as follows: "Mr. Santa Claus,—A big wagon—not so very big—four wheels, two packs of pop-crackers, a Mother Hubbard book. Willmer." "Nellie wants a carriage and a baby and some candy." "I wants a baby and candy, a little story-book. Isabella."

The stained-glass window in the banquet-room of Memorial Hall, at Harvard, to be put in by the class of 1857 to commemorate the members who fell in the late war, will contain figures of Sir Philip Sidney and Epaminondas, as illustrating chivalry and patriotism, these being four feet ten inches high, under the trefoil, and surrounded by decorative borders, Elizabethan in the one case, Grecian in the other. Beneath each, on the ventilator, will be represented episodes in the lives of the men: under Sidney his death, the incident of his giving the cup of water to the wounded soldier, with his words, "Thy necessity is yet greater than mine;" under Epaminondas the Spartan mother giving her son a shield as he departs for battle, and saying, "Either with it or upon it," the inscription to be in Greek.

DU CHAILLU IN LAPLAND.

M. Du Chaillu, after making a world-wide reputation as an African explorer, and writing any number of entertaining books about his wonderful adventures and discoveries in the land of the black man, magnanimously decided to leave the solution of the great Nile problem to Dr. Livingstone and Mr. Stanley, and go in search of other fields for the gratification of his taste for roving. He naturally went from one extreme to the other. After baking and broiling for years under a tropical sun, he made up his mind to try the arctic regions, for a change, and included Norway and Sweden, countries of which little is known to the outside world, in the circle of his travels. With the love of thoroughness characteristic of the man, Du Chaillu spent nearly four years in these countries, crossing them in every direction, seeing every thing remarkable and peculiar in the natural scenery, in the cities, towns, and villages, making careful notes and observations, and taking an immense number of photographs, which serve to illustrate not only the grand natural features of the wild Northern landscape, but every type of humanity to be found within the regions through which he traveled, their sacred, civil, and domestic architecture, their costumes, modes of living, and forms of industry. It is almost needless to say that he has in preparation a superb book of travels, which will be published in New York by the Harpers, and in London by John Murray. Simultaneously with the appearance of the work in America and England, German and French translations will be issued in Berlin and Paris. The book will be entitled *The Land of the Midnight Sun*. It will be profusely illustrated with engravings from the photographs just mentioned, and with carefully prepared maps.

Du Chaillu is the first traveler who has made a thorough and exhaustive exploration of Norway, Sweden, and Lapland. Others have spent a few weeks of summer in loitering at well-known watering-places, and written sketchy little books about them, which may furnish entertainment for a leisure hour; but in Du Chaillu's work we shall be made acquainted with the whole of those interesting countries and their inhabitants; so that readers who never go a day's journey from their own fireside may learn in a few hours, through his graphic descriptions and illustrations, all that it cost him nearly four years of constant travel and observation to gather for their benefit. He did not confine his travels to the summer season, after the fashion of pleasure tourists, but made long journeys in the depth of winter through dreary forests, over rugged mountains, across frozen rivers and lakes, that he might become acquainted with every phase of life, and leave nothing to be done after him.

We give on this page an illustration which shows how Du Chaillu made his winter journeys in Lapland across one of the dreary snowy steppes of that country of the North. The drawing was made from actual specimens exhibited by Du Chaillu at a lecture recently delivered before the American Geographical Society in this city—a society, we may remark in passing, which has done much to encourage a spirit of discovery and the advancement of geographical research. The sledge was brought from Lapland, as was also the reindeer; but as a live animal would have been a troublesome customer to manage on the stage, as well as to transport around the country, the lecturer was obliged to content himself with a stuffed specimen. The sledge, as the engraving shows, is in the shape of a boat, pointed and turned up at the forward end. The rear end is straight and flat, to afford a rest for the traveler's back. The sledge runs on a smooth flat keel about six inches wide and two in depth, admirably adapted to running on a surface of snow. At the same time, the sledge is a very ticklish conveyance for the inexperienced driver, who must learn the art of balancing well before he can manage to ride far without an overturn. Du Chaillu's first lesson occupied about six hours, and in that time he was overset a hundred times or so. But after a few days he learned how to "keep an even keel," and became quite a skillful sledgeman. Our illustration shows him racing through a heavy storm at the rate of about fourteen miles an hour, followed by a Lapp companion in another sledge. The wind is driving at his back; a wooden deck to the sledge, over the feet, prevents the fur robes from being blown away, and also serves to keep the feet and legs warm. When the cold is very intense a warm woolen mask is worn over the face, with openings for the eyes. The reindeer is harnessed to the sledge in a very simple manner. From the under side of a stout leather neck-band a single thong of tough leather passes between the legs and through a broad belly-band of cloth, and is fastened to the pointed front part of the sledge. A single rein, attached to the deer's horns, is used for guiding. A strong, well-trained reindeer will trot for many hours at the rate of fourteen to fifteen miles an hour, and at a gallop will accomplish about twenty miles an hour for a shorter distance.

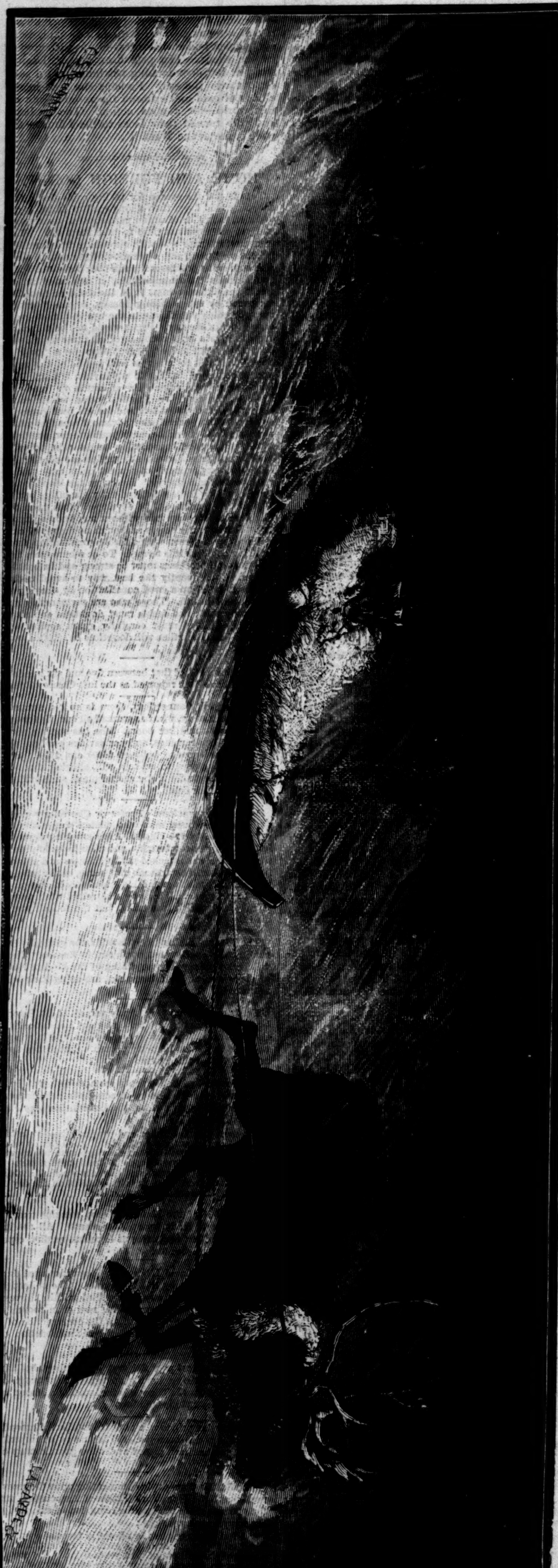
Lapland is in many respects an interesting country, and through its short summer of two months, during which there is no night, it offers many attractions to tourists. At this time the air is enlivened by the songs of birds, and the fields are covered with flowers and rich vegetation. There is no darkness, and the coolness of the evenings of the temperate zones is never felt. In some localities, especially in confined valleys, the heat becomes oppressive, and the air swarms with mosquitoes; but as a rule the summer climate of Lapland is as genial and pleasant as that of England. The winter is terrible in its severity. Brandy and mercury frequently freeze in the open air. All the lakes and rivers are covered with thick ice, and the whole face of nature is buried under deep snow. During the winter solstice the sun continues seven consecutive weeks below the horizon, when only a partial twilight prevails, relieved by the superior brightness of the moon and the magnificence of the aurora borealis. When a thaw comes on the atmosphere is filled with vapors, but during the prevalence of the north wind the air is clear and the sky serene.

There are shore Lapps, forest and river Lapps, and the nomadic or wandering Lapps, who live in the highland regions. The highland Lapp depends for subsistence almost entirely upon the reindeer. The herds vary much in size, and the Lapp is rich or poor according to the number he owns of these animals. A herd of a thousand reindeer makes a man wealthy; some Lapps possess two and even three thousand. With three hundred a family may live in tolerable comfort, but with one hundred subsistence becomes precarious, and fifty reduces a Lapp to a condition of absolute poverty. He is obliged to join his herd to that of some richer proprietor, whom he serves in the capacity of a servant, tending and milking the herd. Sometimes, when thus reduced, he migrates to the sea-coast, where he supports himself chiefly by fishing. If successful in his efforts he returns to the highland regions, purchases a herd of reindeer, and resumes his pastoral and wandering habits. It more generally happens, however, that, once having become a coast Lapp, he remains so to the last, being naturally too improvident to think of the future. Should a Lapp possess a herd at all numerous, he rarely knows the exact number, owing to a prevalent superstition that counting the flock will be attended with evil. During the day they are allowed to wander over the hills, attended by a shepherd and several trained dogs, the latter being necessary not only to guard them against wolves, but to keep them together and assist in bringing them home at the proper hour for milking. This is generally the women's work.

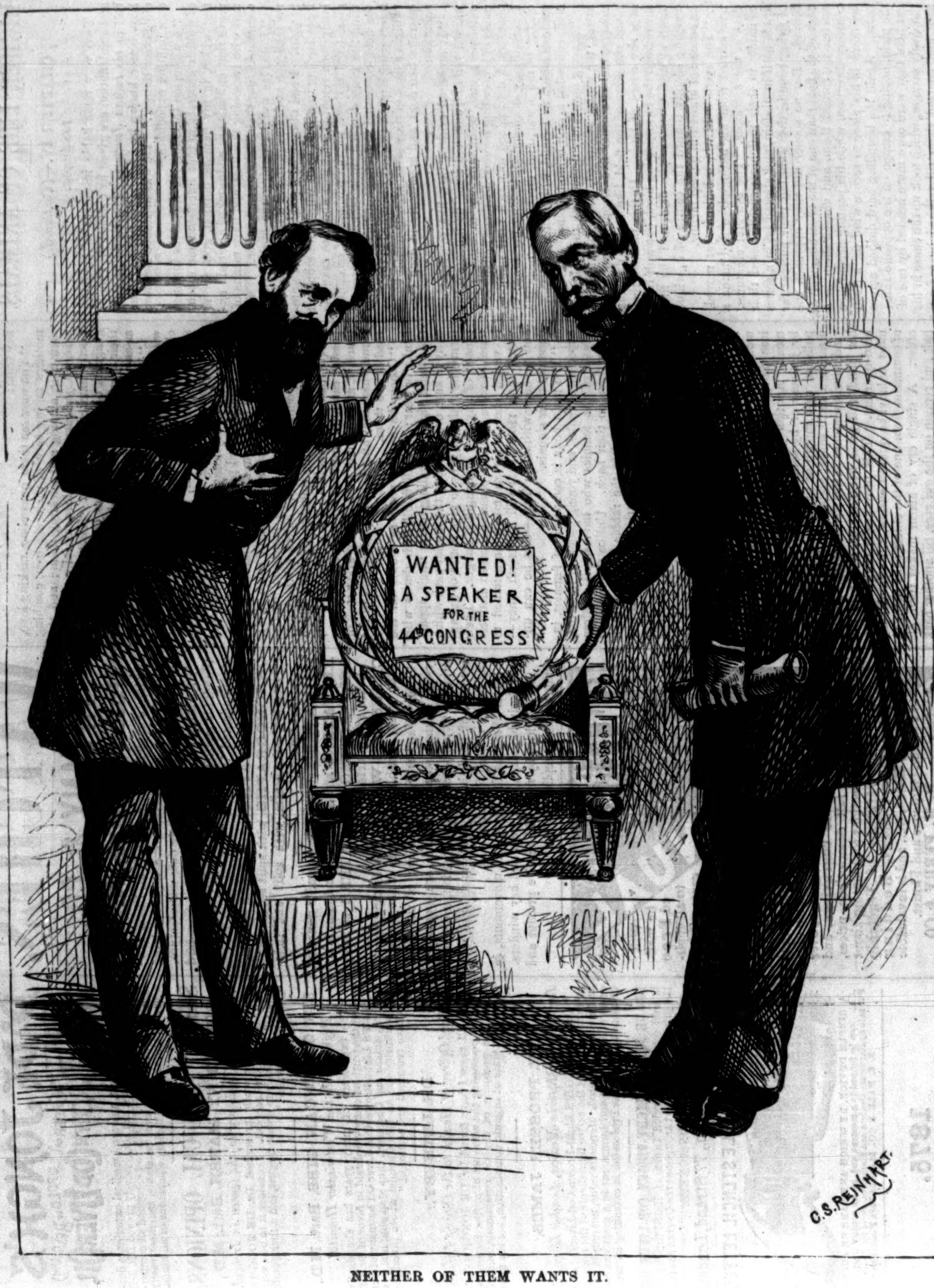
Various reasons induce the highland Lapps to repair to the coast during summer. First, that their herds of reindeer may escape the swarms of gad-flies that then infest the upper regions, and render life a burden to man and beast; and secondly, that they may dispose of the commodities they have collected during the winter. These consist of the skins and horns of the deer they have killed for the support of their families, and the skins of other animals, such as the bear, fox, and marten, and the feathers of the ptarmigan. These articles are sold or exchanged in barter for others necessary to their comfort in winter, such as coarse cloth, meal, gunpowder, brandy, and tobacco. The annual migration commences in June, by which time the snow is generally off the ground, and consequently the sledges are not available. The stock of necessities for the journey is packed in paniers of wicker-work, slung over the back of the deer, and by slow and easy stages of seven or eight miles a day the Lapp proceeds toward the coast. The distance traveled is in some instances upward of three hundred miles.

The highland Lapps live in tents, which differ in no respect in summer and winter, and are of very simple construction. They are formed by six beams of wood slanting together at the top, covered with thick coarse cloth, a flap of which, left loose between the beams, serves as a door. The height of the tent is generally about six feet, and the circumference of the inside rarely exceeds eighteen feet. The floor is strewn with reindeer skins, the fur side uppermost, which serve the double purpose of carpet and bed. A stout frame is made in the middle of the tent for the fire, and there is a hole at the top for the smoke to find its way out, but its speedy egress is by no means considered necessary to comfort. In these limited habitations the Lapps, seated on their heels in the manner of Eastern nations, or squatted like toads about the fire, spend in all the beatitude of idleness the moments which they can spare from their pastoral avocations.

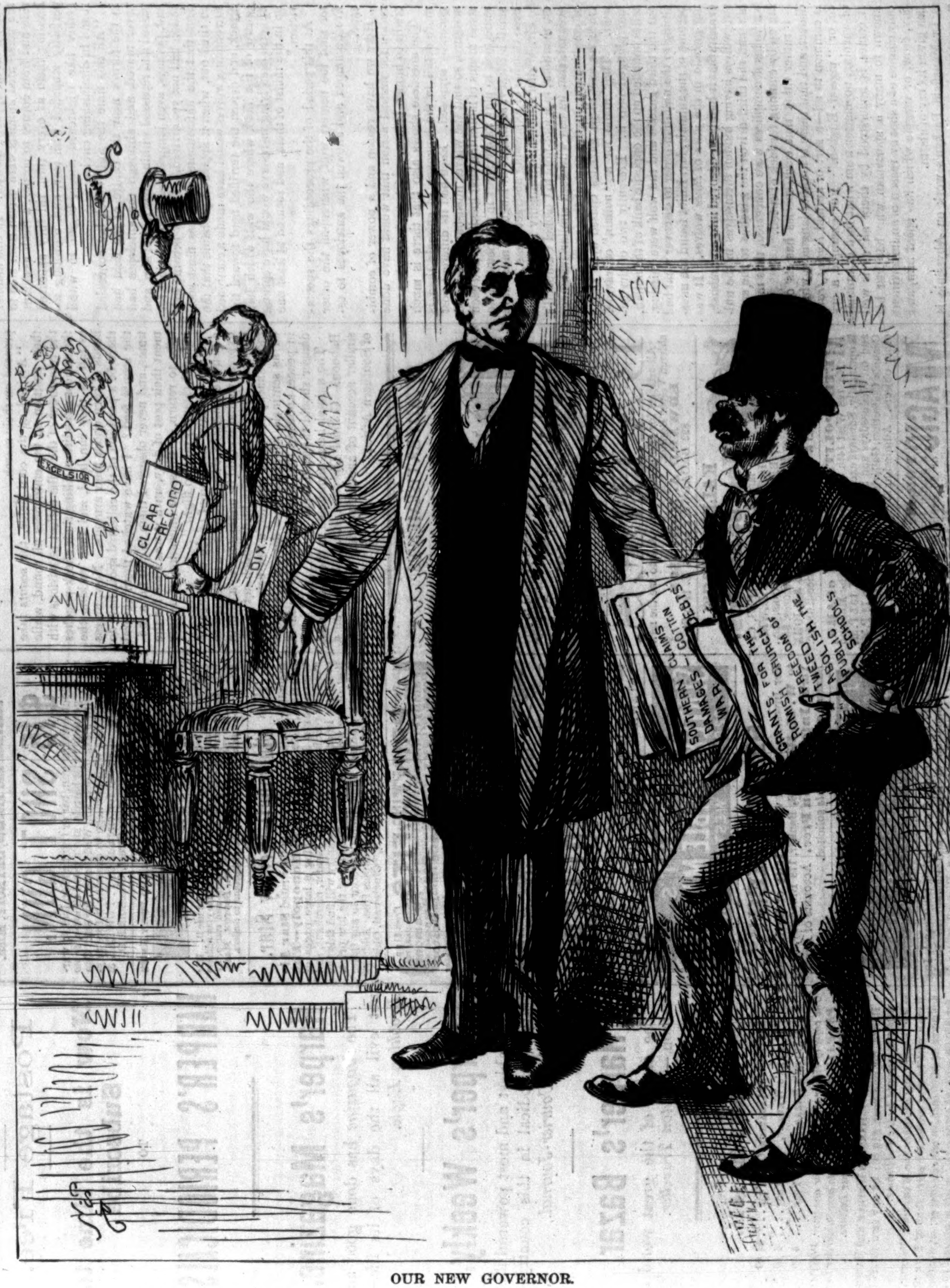
The Lapps can not be called a handsome race. Their characteristic features are small elongated eyes, high cheek-bones, wide mouth, and a pointed chin, with little or no beard. Their bodies are generally spare, bony, and muscular, possessing greater strength than their stature, which rarely exceeds five feet, would seem to indicate, and as a rule they are active and capable of enduring almost any amount of fatigue. Their hands and feet are remarkably small, and their voice weak and thin. In their moral qualities the Lapps exhibit some marked peculiarities. Their parental and filial affections are weak. Theft is almost unknown among them, and locks, bolts, and other safeguards to property are regarded as superfluous. Their principal vice is drunkenness, which is not only common, but may be said to constitute a feature of their character. Their favorite beverage is brandy, and a large stock is always laid in for winter. According to Du Chaillu, the most intelligent Lapps are the Swedish and Norwegian. They all know how to read, education in the common branches being compulsory among them. Here and there through the desolate region are scattered churches, to which the Lapps resort on Sundays from every side.



DU CHAILLU IN LAPLAND—A STORMY RIDE IN A REINDEER SLEDGE.—[Drawn by C. S. Reinhart.]


WANTED!
A SPEAKER
FOR THE
44th CONGRESS
C. S. REINHART.

NEITHER OF THEM WANTS IT.


EXCELSIOR
CLEAR RECORD
DIX
SOUTHERN CLAIMS
DAMAGES — COTTON
WAR DEBTS
GRANTS FOR THE
ROMISH CHURCH
FREEDOM OF
TWEED
ABOLISH THE
PUBLIC SCHOOLS

OUR NEW GOVERNOR.

"DON'T EMBARRASS US NOW WITH THOSE CLAIMS, MY DEAR MR. O'KELLY. WAIT UNTIL AFTER 1876."

HIGHER LIFE OF ANIMALS.

CHAPTER IV.—(*Continued.*)

LANGUAGE.

Two very remarkable instances of language and combination are given by Colonel W. Campbell in his *Indian Journal.* The writer is perhaps better known by his *nom de plume*, "The old Forest Ranger." He was at Ranee Bennore on a hunting expedition.

"I witnessed this morning a curious instance of wolfish generalship that interested me much, and which, in my humble opinion, goes far to prove that animals are endowed to a certain extent with reasoning faculties, and have means of communicating their ideas to each other.

"I was as usual scanning the horizon with my telescope at daybreak to see if any game was in sight. I had discovered a small herd of antelopes feeding in a field from which the crop had lately been removed, and was about to take the glass from my eye for the purpose of reconnoitring the ground, when, in a remote quarter of the field, concealed from the antelopes by a few intervening bushes, I faintly discerned in the gray twilight a pack of six wolves, seated on their hind-quarters like dogs, and apparently in deep consultation.

"It appeared evident that, like myself, they wanted venison, and had some design upon the antelopes; and, being anxious to witness the mode of proceeding adopted by these four-legged poachers, I determined to watch their motions. I accordingly dismounted, leaving my horse in charge of the sowar, and, creeping as near the scene of action as I could, without being discovered, concealed myself behind a bush.

"Having apparently decided on their plan of attack, the wolves separated, one remaining stationary, and the other five creeping cautiously round the edge of the field, like setters drawing in a shy covey of birds. In this manner they surrounded the unsuspecting herd, one wolf lying down at each corner of the field, and the fifth creeping silently toward the centre of it, where he concealed himself in a deep furrow.

"The sixth wolf, which had not yet moved, now started from his hiding-place and made a dash at the antelopes. The graceful creatures, confident in their matchless speed, tossed their heads as if in disdain, and started off in a series of flying bounds, that soon left their pursuer far behind. But no sooner did they approach the edge of the field than one of the crouching wolves started up, turned them, and chased them in a contrary direction, while his panting accomplice lay down in his place to secure wind for a fresh burst. Again the bounding herd dashed across the plain, hoping to escape on the opposite side; but here they were once more headed by one of the crafty savages, which took up the chase in his turn, and coursed them till relieved by a fresh hand from an opposite quarter. In this manner the persecuted animals were driven from side to side and from corner to corner, a fresh assailant heading them at every turn, till they appeared perfectly stupefied with fear, and, crowding together like frightened sheep, began to wheel round in diminishing circles.

"All this time the wolf which lay concealed in the furrow near the centre of the field had never moved, and although the antelopes had passed and repassed within a few feet of him, and had, perhaps, even jumped over him, his time for action had not yet arrived. It now became evident that the unfortunate antelopes must soon be tired out, when it appeared probable that the surrounding wolves would have made a combined attack, and driven the terrified herd toward the centre of the field, where the wolf which had hitherto been lying in reserve would have sprung up in the midst of them, and secured at least one victim."

At this period of the proceedings the spectator shot the nearest wolf, whereupon the other five decamped and allowed the antelopes to escape.

Here we have reason and a power of combination for mutual action that would have done credit to human beings.

The anecdote shows also that there is much more detail in the language of animals than is generally supposed. Each had its different post assigned, so that the wolves must have possessed some means of indicating that locality; and each undertook to play its own part in a scheme of no small intricacy, so that their language must have been capable of expressing abstract ideas.

Mr. Walter Elliot, also a mighty Indian hunter, mentions, in a foot-note to Colonel Campbell's account, that he has witnessed similar instances of combination on the part of the same animal. Once he saw three gazelles chased by a single wolf. They made for a "nullah," or ravine, and plunged into it. Presently two of the gazelles bounded up the opposite bank of the nullah, but the third gazelle and the wolf were missing. Going to the nullah in order to discover what had become of the animals, Mr. Elliot found the missing gazelle in the jaws of *three* wolves. It was evident that it had been decoyed into an ambush, two wolves having hidden themselves in the nullah, and the third driven the gazelles to the spot where his accomplices were concealed, thus making up by cunning for lack of speed.

I rather think that each species has its own dialect, and that there is another language which is common to all—a sort of animal *lingua franca*, or "pigeon-English." For example, a cry of warning, no matter from what bird or animal it comes, is understood by them all, as is well known to many a sportsman who has lost his only chance of a shot by reason of an impertinent jay, crow, or magpie which has spied him, and has given its cry of alarm.

In Mansfield Parkyn's work on Abyssinia is a remarkable account of language and the consequent power of combination among the monkey tribe:

"You may see them quarreling, making love, mothers taking care of their children, combing their hair, nursing and suckling them; and the passions, jealousy, anger, love, as fully and distinctly marked as in men. They have a language as distinct to them as ours is to us; and their *women* are as noisy and fond of disputation as any fish-fag in Billingsgate.

"The monkeys, especially the Cynocephali, who are astonishingly clever fellows, have their chiefs, whom they obey implicitly, and a regular system of tactics in war, pillaging expeditions, robbing corn fields, etc.

"These monkey forays are managed with the utmost regularity and precaution. A tribe, coming down to feed from their village on the mountain (usually a cleft in the face of some cliff), brings with it all its members, male and female, old and young. Some, the elders of the tribe, distinguishable by the quantity of mane which covers their shoulders like a lion's, take the lead, passing cautiously over each precipice before they descend, and climbing to the top of every rock or stone which may afford them a better view of the road before them.

"Others have their posts as scouts on the flanks or rear; and all fulfill their duties with the utmost vigilance, calling out at times, apparently to keep order among the motley pack which forms the main body, or to give notice of the approach of any real or imagined danger. Their tones of voice on those occasions are so distinctly varied that a person much accustomed to watch their movements will at length fancy—and perhaps with some truth—that he can understand their signals.

"The main body is composed of females, inexperienced males, and young people of the tribe. Those of the females who have small children carry them on their back. Unlike the dignified march of the leaders, the rabble go along in a most disorderly manner, trotting on and chattering, without taking the least heed of any thing, apparently confiding in the vigilance of their scouts.

"Here a few of the youths linger behind to pick the berries off some tree, but not long, for the rear-guard coming up forces them to regain their places. There a matron pauses for a moment to suckle her offspring, and, not to lose time, dresses its hair while it is taking its meal. Another younger lady, probably excited by jealousy or by some sneering look or word, pulls an ugly mouth at her neighbor, and then, uttering a shrill squeal highly expressive of rage, vindictively snatches at her rival's leg or tail with her hand, and gives her, perhaps, a bite in the hind-quarters. This provokes a retort, and a most unladylike quarrel ensues, till a loud bark of command from one of the chiefs calls them to order. A single cry of alarm makes them all halt and remain on the *qui vive*, till another bark in a different tone re-assures them, and they then proceed on their march.

"Arrived at the corn fields, the scouts take their position on the eminences all round, while the remainder of the tribe collect provisions with the utmost expedition, filling their cheek-pouches as full as they can hold, and then tucking the heads of corn under their armpits. Now, unless there be a partition of the collected spoil, how do the scouts feed? I have watched them several times, and never observed them to quit for a moment their post of duty, until it was time for the tribe to return, or till some indication of danger induced them to take to flight."

Here we have clear proof of the existence of a definite language among beasts—a language so expressive that it could be understood by a human listener. There are many birds which act in almost exactly the same manner, a few being posted as sentinels, while the rest devour the crops in peace, knowing that warning will be given if danger should threaten them.

The animal here mentioned is the Dog-faced Baboon. Colonel Drayson, R. A., has given a similar account of another species, the Chacma, of Southern Africa.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC
WEATHER HOUSES
Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by
ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
Proprietor & Manufacturer,
229 Washington St., Boston.
Special price to dealers.

BABIES.
All articles for young children. Ask to see the new shirred Velvet Bonnet.
EDWARD A. MORRISON,
893 BROADWAY and 13 E. 19th St.

KALDENBERG'S
Meerschaums.
The largest variety of PIPES, CIGAR-HOLDERS, AMBER JEWELRY, BEADS, WALKING-CANES, &c., suitable for Holiday Presents, at my three stores, 854 BROADWAY, between 13th and 14th Sts., 4 & 6 JOHN St., and Cor. JOHN & NASSAU. Send for Price-lists, &c.

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM of ART, No. 128 West 14th St., New York. The Museum is open daily, Sundays excepted, from 10 A.M. to 5 P.M., and on Wednesdays and Saturdays from 7 to 10 P.M. Cesnola Collection, Galleries of Pictures, Statuary, and other objects. Admission 25 cents. Mondays FREE.

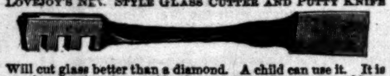
MAGIC FOR the PARLOR. Send a stamp for 8-page Price-List, or 25 cents for 120-page Illustrated Catalogue. HARTZ Magical Repository, 850 Broadway, New York.

WATCHES.
TIFFANY & CO.,
Union Square, N. Y.,
Having completed their factory at Place Cornavin, Geneva, Switzerland, are now receiving full lines of Watches of their own manufacture.
In addition to their Stem-winding Standard Watch for gentlemen, they offer a full assortment of complicated Watches.
CHRONOGRAPHS marking fifth seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split seconds,
CHRONOGRAPHS with split and independent seconds,
REPEATERS striking hours and 5 minutes,
REPEATERS striking hours and minutes,
SELF-ACTING REPEATERS striking hours and quarters,
CALENDAR WATCHES showing day of the week, month, and changes of the moon.
Their Watches for Ladies are of the same system as their standard Watch, are thoroughly adjusted to temperature and position, are stronger, and of much higher grade and finish than any before offered for ladies' use.
Silver Watches for Boys, fine movements, in very desirable sizes, both stem and key winders.
All inquiries by mail will receive prompt and comprehensive replies.

D.M. FERRY & CO'S NEW ILLUSTRATED, DESCRIPTIVE AND PRICED 1875. SEED ANNUAL 1875.
Will be mailed **Free** to all applicants. This is one of the largest and most complete Catalogues published. It is printed on beautifully tinted paper, contains **216** pages, **two elegant colored plates,** over **300 fine engravings,** and gives full descriptions, prices, and directions for planting about **1200 varieties of Vegetable and Flower Seeds, Bedding Plants, Roses,** &c., and is invaluable to Farmer, Gardener and Florist.
Address, **D. M. FERRY & CO.**
Seedsmen and Florists, DETROIT, Mich.

$15 SHOT GUN.
A double-barrel gun, bar or front action locks; warranted genuine twist barrels, and a good shooter, *or no sale;* with Flask, Punch, and Wad Cutter, for $15. Can be sent C.O.D., with privilege to examine before paying bill. Send stamp for circular to P. POWELL & SON, Gun Dealers, 238 Main Street, Cincinnati, O.

LOVEJOY'S NEW STYLE GLASS CUTTER AND PUTTY KNIFE



Will cut glass better than a diamond. A child can use it. It is worth more than its cost if only used once. Sent to your address in a neat box, prepaid, on receipt of 50 cents and stamp, by ALVAN L. LOVEJOY, 229 WASHINGTON ST., BOSTON, MASS. Beware of worthless imitations. Liberal discount to dealers.

The Cincinnati Weekly Star,
Including postage and the finely-illustrated **Star Almanac,** $1 00 per year. **Anti-Monopoly--The Granger's Paper**--containing 8 large pages of excellent reading-matter. The farmer, merchant, and mechanic in any part of the country will find this the best of the weeklies, to say nothing of the low price. Agents are offered inducements superior to any thing heretofore attempted. Specimen copies free. Address
"THE STAR," Cincinnati, Ohio.

Do Your Own **PRINTING. OUTFITS** *From $1 up. Catalogue Free.* **Family Printer** *for Cards & Clothing* $1 o 3. **Diamond Press.** *for Cards & Circulars* $5 to 10. **Pearl Press** *for all job work* $25 to 125. **GOLDING & Co.** 14 *Kilby St.* **Boston**

FAMILY PRINTER

BEAUTIFUL invention for marking Clothing and printing Cards, &c. An article that everybody should have. Alphabets of type to print any name, business or address. Very profitable, amusing and instructive for the young. **No. 1 $1** *with 3 alphabets type.* **No. 2 $2** *with 5 alphabets.* **No. 3 $3** *with 11 alphabets. Type Case, Ink and Pad included. Delivered anywhere by mail free. Agents wanted*
GOLDING & Co., 14 Kilby St., Boston.

HARTSHORN SELF-ACTING
SHADE ROLLERS.
☞ No cords or balances. Models and terms sent to trade.
STEWART HARTSHORN, 486 Broadway, N. Y.

STEWART'S
SLATE & MARBLE MANTELS
220 & 222 WEST 23D ST. N.Y.

SECURITIES
For Investors. If you want to **Buy** or **Sell,** write to **W. H. WEEKS,** Banker, 178 Broadway, New York. **Information Free.** Accounts of *Banks, Bankers,* and *Individuals* solicited.

THE NEW NOVELTY
SEND 50 ¢ FOR SAMPLE.
NEVERS & Co. CHICAGO
221 W. MADISON ST.

WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. Dose 40 drops. For sale by all druggists.

DR. DE JONGH'S
(KNIGHT OF THE ORDER OF LEOPOLD OF BELGIUM)
LIGHT-BROWN COD LIVER OIL
The only real test, universal medical experience during twenty-five years, has conclusively proved DR. DE JONGH'S COD-LIVER OIL to be, beyond all comparison, the purest, the most palatable, the most easily digested, and the most rapidly efficacious of all kinds.
SELECT MEDICAL OPINIONS.
SIR HENRY MARSH, Bart., M.D.,
Physician in Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland.
"I have frequently prescribed Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil. I consider it to be a very pure Oil, not likely to create disgust, and a therapeutic agent of great value."
SIR G. DUNCAN GIBB, Bart., M.D.,
Physician to the Westminster Hospital.
"The experience of many years has abundantly proved the truth of every word said in favor of Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil by many of our first Physicians and Chemists, thus stamping him as a high authority and an able Chemist whose investigations have remained unquestioned."
DR. LETHEBY,
Medical Officer of Health to the City of London.
"In all cases I have found Dr. DE JONGH'S Cod-Liver Oil possessing the same set of properties, among which the presence of cholaic compounds, and of iodine in a state of organic combination, are the most remarkable."
DR. PROSSER JAMES,
Lecturer on Materia Medica, London Hospital.
"Dr. DE JONGH'S Light-Brown Cod-Liver Oil contains the whole of the active ingredients of the remedy, and is easily digested. Hence its value, not only in Diseases of the Throat and Lungs, but in a great number of cases to which the Profession is extending its use."
DR. DE JONGH'S LIGHT-BROWN COD-LIVER OIL is sold ONLY in capsuled IMPERIAL Half-Pints by all the principal druggists throughout the UNITED STATES.
SOLE CONSIGNEES,
Ansar, Harford, & Co., 77 Strand, London.

REESE'S ADJUSTABLE STENCIL LETTERS

A SIMPLE DEVICE, BY WHICH ANY NAME OR ADDRESS can be formed in a moment, and be as readily distributed. For sale by Hardware Dealers and Stationers. Send for Circulars.
B. S. HALE & CO., 56 and 58 Park Place, New York.

1875.
Postage Free.
Now is the time to Subscribe
TO
HARPER'S PERIODICALS.

Harper's Magazine.
The *Magazine* has done good and not evil all the days of its life.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Harper's Weekly.
The ablest and most powerful illustrated periodical in this country.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Harper's Bazar.
The organ of the great world of fashion.—*Boston Traveller.*

TERMS for 1875.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, One Year.... $4 00
HARPER'S WEEKLY, One Year.... 4 00
HARPER'S BAZAR, One Year.... 4 00
One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID by the Publishers, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars.
HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: *postage prepaid by the Publishers.*
An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be sent gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: postage prepaid by the Publishers.*

NOTICE.

By advice of the Board of Trustees, and at the urgent request of the majority of the ticket-holders, **THE GRAND GIFT DRAWING** announced for January 1st has been deferred until February 22d, 1875, in order to make a full sale of all the tickets, and avoid the necessity of "pro-rating" the prizes.

The sales have been extraordinarily successful, and a full drawing is now assured.

1190 magnificent gifts, amounting to

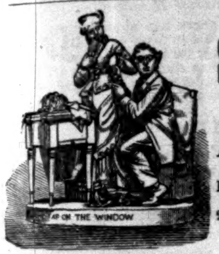
$360,000,

will be distributed among ticket-holders. Drawing positive, and now guaranteed at the "Opera-House," **PATERSON, N. J.,** on the above date. Limited supply of tickets remain, and those desiring to participate should secure their tickets without delay. Circulars free. **Tickets, $5.**

No discounts. Apply for information and tickets to

GEORGE A. RAYMOND, Manager,

N. W. Cor. Broadway and Park Place (third door from Broadway); T. J. MCBRIDE, Union Square Hotel, N. Y.; G. W. RAND, St. Cloud Hotel, N. Y.



ROGERS' STATUARY.

The Tap on the Window.

A new group, price $15.

Enclose 10c. for catalogue and prints to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Avenue, cor. 26th Street,
NEW YORK.

Cut Paper Patterns
OF
LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS
IN
HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Pattern. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. VI.

GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	No. 13
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT	" 30
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 32
ENGLISH-WALKING JACKET SUIT	" 39
DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front	" 43
TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Round Skirt	" 45
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves	" 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS	" 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 52

Vol. VII.

YOUTH'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat, Double-Breasted English Walking Coat, Double-Breasted Vest, and Suspender Pantaloons (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 1
ENGLISH BASQUE, LONG OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 11
HENRI TROIS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
HENRI TROIS BASQUE, with Greek Over-skirt and French Round Skirt	" 15
MEDICIS SACQUE, with Demi Over-skirt and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 17
MEDICIS BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 19
VALOIS DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 21
LADY'S RIDING HABIT (Postillion Basque and English Riding Skirt)	" 22
BELTED BASQUE, with Long Apron and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 23
GIRL'S BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-skirt, and Skirt (for girl from 4 to 13 years old)	" 25
PLAIN BASQUE, LONG APRON with SCARF BACK, and DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 27
CUIRASS BASQUE, ROUND APRON, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 33
LADY'S GABRIELLE WRAPPER	" 35
FRENCH SACQUE, AND DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT with Pleated Back	" 41
ENGLISH CUIRASS, OVER-SKIRT WITH POCKETS, AND WALKING SKIRT	" 41
CUIRASS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 43
ENGLISH SACQUE, with Long Apron-Front and Clinging Demi-Trained Skirt	" 48
DOUBLE-BREASTED WALKING JACKET, Empress Over-skirt, and Walking Skirt	" 50
WORTH BASQUE AND FULL-TRAINED TRIMMED SKIRT	" 51

Vol. VIII.

DOUBLE-POINTED BASQUE, LONG TABLIER, AND POUF SKIRT	" 1
LONG FUR-LINED CLOAK, with Long Walking Skirt	" 3
FUR-LINED CIRCULAR, with Three-quarter Trained Skirt	" 3
GIRL'S WARDROBE, French Sacque, with Diagonal Front, Round Over-skirt, Pleated Waist Fastened Behind, Trimmed Skirt, Basque, and Apron (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 5

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Campbell's Self-Acting Shade-Roller

Is superior to all others. Ask your upholsterer for them. Office, 87 Centre Street, New York.

GAME BELT. HUNTERS' Price-List Free. Agents wanted. RUDOLPH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,

STEAM-BAND SAW AND VENEER-CUTTING MILL,

186 to 200 Lewis St., foot 5th & 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.

Always on hand FULL STOCK of SEASONED

HARD-WOOD LUMBER

And Choice Figured Veneers.

The LARGEST STOCK! The GREATEST VARIETY! The Lowest Prices!

☞ Enclose Stamp for Catalogue and Price-List. Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.

Hussey's National Cottage Architecture.

New & Original Designs, Working Scale Drawings, and Details for all Styles of low-priced Houses, with Specifications and Cost. Just published. Royal quarto. Postpaid, $6.

WOODWARD'S NATIONAL ARCHITECT. 1,000 WORKING DRAWINGS, **Plans, Details,** Specifications, and Estimates. TWELVE DOLLARS, postpaid.

MONCKTON'S NATIONAL STAIRBUILDER. SIX DOLLARS, postpaid.

MONCKTON'S NATIONAL CARPENTER and JOINER. SIX DOLLARS, postpaid.

Orange Judd Company, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

IT WILL PAY

You to invest a few dollars in tickets in Public Library of Kentucky Concert and Drawing of

27th FEBRUARY.

Positively No Postponement.

A Drawing on 27th, or Money Refunded.

Whole Tickets, $50. Halves, $25. Tenth, or each Coupon, $5. Eleven Whole Tickets, $500.

For Tickets, or information, address THO. E. BRAMLETTE, Agent and Manager, Louisville, Ky., or THOS. H. HAYS & CO., 609 Broadway, N. Y.

IMITATION SILVER Watches, American style, 8 oz., at $18; 6 oz., $15; 5 oz., $13; 4 oz., $12. Vest Chains, $2, $3, $4, and $5, to match. Sent, C. O. D., by express. Send stamp for illustrated circular. ☞ No Agents. **Collins Metal Watch Factory,** Box 3696. 335 Broadway, New York.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: Postage free.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: Postage free.*

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

PILES **STRICKLAND'S PILE REMEDY. A Certain Cure Guaranteed.** Sent by mail, on receipt of **$1.00. A. B. MERRIAM & Co.,** Druggists, Cincinnati, Ohio.

FREE to Sewing-Machine Agents! The Wilson Reflector. An Illustrated Sewing-Machine Journal, published monthly, devoted to the interest of Sewing-Machines, and every thing manufactured by Sewing-Machines, Literature, and General News. Eight pages, and forty columns of choice miscellany and reading-matter. WILSON SEWING-MACHINE CO., PUBLISHERS. Subscription price, FIFTEEN CENTS per annum, with an elegant Chromo free, postage prepaid. FREE TO AGENTS AND DEALERS IN SEWING-MACHINES AND ATTACHMENTS. Address, WILSON'S REFLECTOR, Cleveland, Ohio, U. S. A.

5000 FIRST-CLASS AGENTS WANTED ON **POTTER'S COMPLETE BIBLE ENCYCLOPEDIA,** with more than **3000** Elegant Illustrations; also, on **POTTER'S MAGNIFICENT EDITIONS of Family Bibles.** Superior to all others. For terms, address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

$250 A MONTH.—Agents wanted every where. Business honorable and first-class. Particulars sent free. Address J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

OPERA, Field, and Marine Glasses, Barometers, &c. Send stamp for illustrated catalogue. Wholesale and Retail. ROBT. MERRILL & SONS, 141 Water St., N. Y.

$57 60 **Agents' Profits per week.**—Will prove it or forfeit $500. New articles are just patented. Samples sent free to all. Address W. H. CHIDESTER, 267 Broadway, N. Y.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL, in the Rubber Stamp Business. Address Dorman's Stencil and Stamp Works, BALTIMORE, MD.

AGENTS WANTED.—Men or women. $34 a week or $100 forfeited. *Valuable samples free.* Write at once to F. M. REED, Eighth St., New York.

"Every Saturday" merged in The Living Age.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Prof. Max Muller, Prof. Tyndall, Dr. W. B. Carpenter, Prof. Huxley, Hon. W. E. Gladstone, The Duke of Argyll, R. A. Proctor, J. Anthony Froude, C. Kingsley, Matthew Arnold, Arthur Helps, Anthony Trollope, Mrs. Muloch, Miss Thackeray, Mrs. Oliphant, Wm. Black, Geo. Macdonald, Erckmann-Chatrian, Ivan Turguenieff, Jean Ingelow, Alfred Tennyson, Robert Browning, and many other most eminent authors of the day, are represented in the pages of

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

In **1875** it will furnish to its readers the productions of the ablest authors, **above named and many others,** as contained in the unrivaled periodical literature of Europe; embracing the Serial and Short Stories of the

LEADING FOREIGN NOVELISTS,

and an amount *unapproached by any other periodical in the world* of the most valuable literary and scientific matter of the day, from the pens of the **foremost Essayists, Scientists, Critics, Discoverers, and Editors,** representing every department of Knowledge and Progress.

A *weekly magazine* of sixty-four pages, THE LIVING AGE gives more than

Three and a Quarter Thousand

double column octavo pages of reading-matter yearly. It presents in an inexpensive form, considering its amount of matter, with freshness, owing to its weekly issue, and with a **Satisfactory Completeness** attempted by no other publication, the best Essays, Reviews, Criticisms, Tales, Sketches of Travel and Discovery, Poetry, Scientific, Biographical, Historical, and Political Information, from the entire body of Foreign Periodical Literature.

It is, therefore, invaluable to every American reader as the only **thorough** as well as fresh compilation of a generally inaccessible but indispensable current literature—*indispensable* because it embraces the productions of

THE ABLEST LIVING WRITERS.

"*It reproduces the best thoughts of the best minds of the civilized world upon all topics of living interest.*"—PHILADELPHIA ENQUIRER.

"*The best of all our eclectic publications.*"—THE NATION, NEW YORK.

"*And the cheapest. A monthly that comes every week.*"—THE ADVANCE, CHICAGO.

"*A pure and perpetual reservoir and fountain of entertainment and instruction.*"—HON. ROBERT C. WINTHROP.

"*The best periodical in America.*"—REV. DR. CUYLER.

"*Indispensable to every one who desires a thorough compendium of all that is admirable and noteworthy in the literary world.*"—BOSTON POST.

☞ Now is the time to subscribe, beginning with the *New Volume and New Year.*

Published weekly at $8 00 a year, *free of postage;* or for $10 50 (*covering prepayment of postage on both periodicals*), THE LIVING AGE and *either one* of the American *four dollar* monthly Magazines, (or *Harper's Weekly* or *Bazar*, or *Appleton's Journal*, weekly), will be sent for a year; or, for $9 50, THE LIVING AGE and Scribner's *St. Nicholas.*

Address **LITTELL & GAY, Boston.**

$2500 A YEAR

made with our grand

COMBINATION PROSPECTUS.

Represents 50 different books. Agents say this is the

BEST THING EVER TRIED.

The books sell themselves in every family, and good men can make a business for life in one county. Also, Agents wanted on our magnificent editions of Family Bibles. Superior to all others. Full particulars free. JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

WANTED.—**Agents are Wanted** to sell, by subscription, **Standard Books** that will be welcomed in every household, viz.: A new and popular DICTIONARY OF RELIGIOUS KNOWLEDGE, by Rev. Lyman Abbott. The **only authorized edition** of the late DR. LIVINGSTONE'S LAST JOURNALS. The great CYCLOPÆDIA OF BIBLICAL, THEOLOGICAL, AND ECCLESIASTICAL LITERATURE, by M'Clintock & Strong. And other desirable books. Experienced agents and those that mean business are requested to address, for further particulars, AVERY BILL, care of Harper & Brothers, New York.

AGENTS WANTED.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS.

We want a First-class Agent in every County in the UNITED STATES, and also in EUROPE, to sell the WORLD-RENOWNED WILSON SHUTTLE SEWING-MACHINES, and the WILSON MANUFACTURING MACHINES, to whom we are prepared to offer EXTRAORDINARY INDUCEMENTS. For full particulars, apply or address WILSON SEWING-MACHINE CO., 827 and 829 Broadway, New York.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS TO EXPORTERS.

Harper's New and Enlarged Catalogue

WITH A COMPLETE ANALYTIC INDEX,

sent by mail on receipt of TEN CENTS.

HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, N. Y.

FREE! "AGENTS' ILLUSTRATED BOOK." Employment for all (male and female) at home, traveling, day or evening. Business permanent, genteel, and lucrative. No risk. Metropolitan M'f'g. Co., 335 Broadway, New York.

$10 to 25 PER DAY. One Agent writes, "Have sold $133 of your Chromos in 5 days." Terms free. J. H. BUFFORD'S SONS, 490 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

$5. PRINTING-OFFICE Complete. Perfect Card-Press, Type, Ink, Roller, and Furniture. Send to CURTIS & MITCHELL, 21 Brattle St., Boston, Amateur Press Depot.

$350 A MONTH.—Agents wanted. ☞ Ten best selling articles in the world. Sample free. Address J. BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

Free SAMPLE to Agents. Ladies' Combination Needle-Book, with Chromos. Send stamp. F. P. GLUCK, New Bedford, Mass.

$77 A WEEK to Male and Female Agents in their locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

Money Made Rapidly with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues, Samples and full particulars Free. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover St., Boston.

$10 **A DAY.** Employment for all. Patent Novelties. GEO. L. FELTON & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

HARPER & BROTHERS' LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

I.

NORDHOFF'S COMMUNISTIC SOCIETIES OF THE UNITED STATES. The Communistic Societies of the United States; from Personal Visit and Observation: including Detailed Accounts of the Economites, Zoarites, Shakers, the Amana, Oneida, Bethel, Aurora, Icarian, and Other Existing Societies, their Religious Creeds, Social Practices, Numbers, Industries, and Present Condition. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. With Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $4 00.

II.

MYERS'S REMAINS OF LOST EMPIRES. Remains of Lost Empires: Sketches of the Ruins of Palmyra, Nineveh, Babylon, and Persepolis, with some Notes on India and the Cashmerian Himalayas. By P. V. N. MYERS, A.M. Illustrations. 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

III.

SIR SAMUEL BAKER'S ISMAILÏA. Ismailïa: A Narrative of the Expedition to Central Africa for the Suppression of the Slave Trade. Organized by ISMAIL, Khedive of Egypt. By Sir SAMUEL W. BAKER, PASHA, M.A., F.R.S., F.R.G.S. With Maps, Portraits, and upward of Fifty full-page Illustrations by ZWECKER and DURAND. 8vo, Cloth, $5 00.

IV.

GLADSTONE'S VATICAN DECREES. The Vatican Decrees in their Bearing on Civil Allegiance: A Political Expostulation. By the Right Hon. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. To which are added: A History of the Vatican Council; together with the Latin and English text of the Papal Syllabus and the Vatican Decrees. By the Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., from his forthcoming "History of the Creeds of Christendom." 8vo, Paper, 60 cents; Cloth, $1 00.

V.

THE UGLY-GIRL PAPERS; or, Hints for the Toilet. 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

VI.

CHARLES READE'S A HERO AND A MARTYR. A Hero and a Martyr. A True Narrative. By CHARLES READE, Author of "Hard Cash," "Foul Play," &c. With a Portrait. 8vo, Paper, 15 cents.

VII.

WOLF'S WILD ANIMALS. The Life and Habits of Wild Animals. Illustrated from Designs by JOSEPH WOLF. Engraved by J. W. and EDWARD WHYMPER. With Descriptive Letter-Press by DANIEL GIRAUD ELLIOT, F.L.S., F.Z.S. 4to, Cloth, $4 00.

VIII.

THE LITTLE LAME PRINCE. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. Square 16mo, Cloth, $1 00.

IX.

NORDHOFF'S POLITICS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS. Politics for Young Americans. By CHARLES NORDHOFF. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

X.

GAIL HAMILTON'S NURSERY NOONINGS. Nursery Noonings. By GAIL HAMILTON, Author of "Woman's Worth and Worthlessness," "Twelve Miles from a Lemon," &c. 16mo, Cloth, $1 25.

XI.

TAYLOR'S DAVID, KING OF ISRAEL. David, King of Israel: His Life and its Lessons. By the Rev. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR, D.D., Minister of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York City. 12mo, Cloth, $2 00.

XII.

THE DOUGLASS SERIES OF CHRISTIAN GREEK AND LATIN WRITERS. LATIN HYMNS, with English Notes. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75.—THE ECCLESIASTICAL HISTORY OF EUSEBIUS. The First Book and Selections. With English Notes. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75. *Other volumes of this Series will shortly be issued.*

XIII.

HOPPIN'S LIFE OF ADMIRAL FOOTE. Life of Andrew Hull Foote, Rear-Admiral United States Navy. By JAMES MASON HOPPIN, Professor in Yale College. With a Portrait and Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $3 50.

XIV.

BACON'S GENESIS OF THE NEW ENGLAND CHURCHES. The Genesis of the New England Churches. By LEONARD BACON. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

MISS BRADDON'S Lost for Love. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

FARJEON'S Jessie Trim. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

GIBBON'S In Honor Bound. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

AILEEN FERRERS. By SUSAN MORLEY. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MRS. EILOART'S The Love that Lived. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

FARJEON'S The King of No-Land. Illustrations. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

THE TREASURE HUNTERS. By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

JACK'S SISTER; or, True to Her Trust. By Miss DORA HAVERS. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

A SACK OF GOLD. By the Author of "Joseph the Jew." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

MRS. OLIPHANT'S Squire Arden. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

BLACKMORE'S Lorna Doone. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

MISS CRAIK'S Sylvia's Choice. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

SALEM. A Tale of the Seventeenth Century. By D. R. CASTLETON. 12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

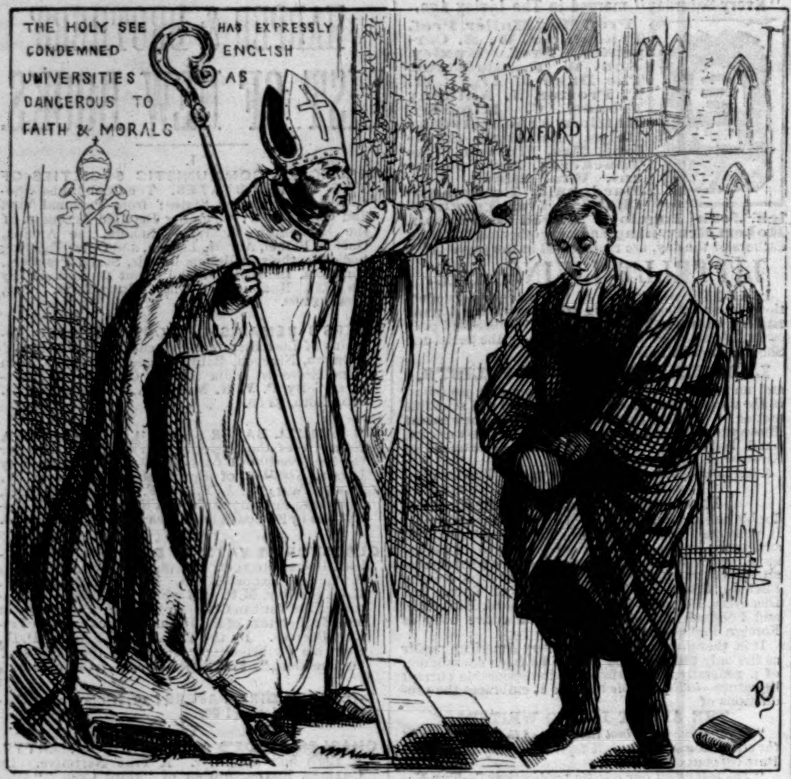
☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents.*

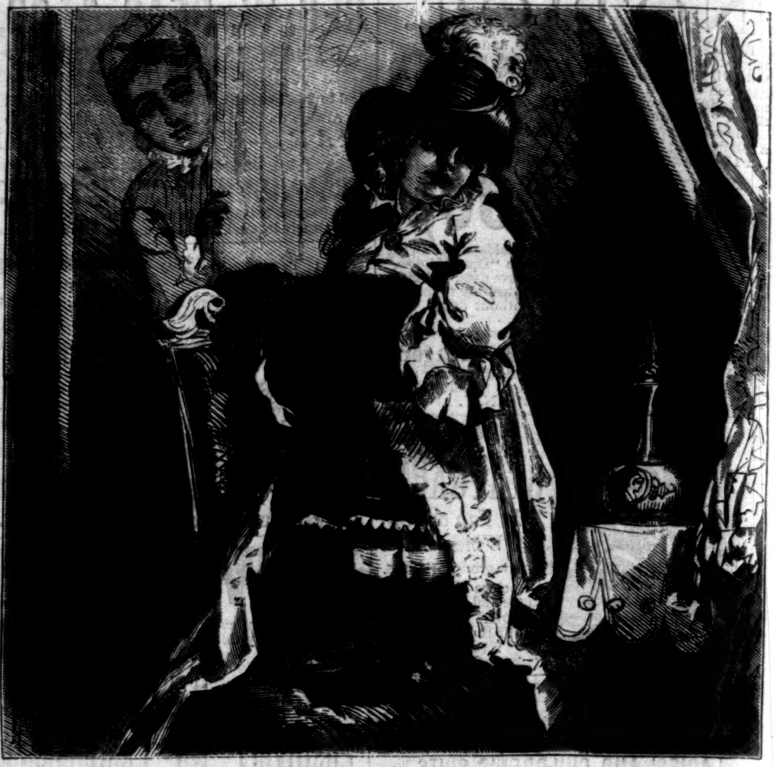
HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

$60 TO 90 a week and expenses to all. Articles new: staple as flour. Samples free. C. M. LININGTON & BRO., N. Y. or Chicago.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.


THE HOLY SEE HAS EXPRESSLY CONDEMNED ENGLISH UNIVERSITIES AS DANGEROUS TO FAITH & MORALS
OXFORD

ARCHBISHOP MANNING TO ENGLISH CATHOLIC YOUTH.
"Come out from among them, and be ye separate from them."



A SELF-MADE WOMAN.

C. G. Gunther's Sons,
Nos. 502–504 BROADWAY,
FOR the HOLIDAYS,
Offer a Fresh Assortment of
SEAL-SKIN FURS,
including a Choice Lot of
SEAL SACQUES,
At Prices from $150 to $200.
Also a New Lot of
FUR TRIMMINGS,
A large stock of
SABLE, MINK, & ERMINE FURS,
at Reduced Prices.
NOS. 502--504 BROADWAY.
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

UNION ADAMS & CO.
Are selling at low prices
Hosiery, Gloves,
Underwear, &c.
913 BROADWAY,
Between 20th and 21st Streets.

CHILDREN TEETHING

An Old and Well-Tried Remedy.—MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething has stood the test of thirty years. Millions of mothers can testify that it is reliable. Relieves the child from pain, softens the gums, regulates the bowels, gives an infant troubled with colic pains quiet sleep, and its parents unbroken rest.

Starr & Marcus,
No. 22 John St., up stairs.
Sterling Silverware,
Plain and Ornamental, of entirely novel, chaste, and exclusive designs, from patterns under our own control.

OPERA GLASSES
Priced Catalogues sent to any address, 10 cents each.
Part 1st. Mathematical Instruments......153 pages.
" 2d. Optical Instruments.............107 "
" 3d. Stereopticons.....................90 "
" 4th. Physical Apparatus.............66 "
JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.,
601 Broadway, New York; 924 Chestnut St., Phila.

BUILDERS Send for Catalogue. A. J. BICKNELL & Co., 27 Warren st., N. Y.

PERFECT FREEDOM FROM Premature Decay,
CHERRY TOOTH PASTE
FOR BEAUTIFYING AND PRESERVING THE TEETH & GUMS
PREPARED BY JOHN GOSNELL & Co LONDON
PATRONIZED BY THE QUEEN
AND TEETH OF A Pearl-like Whiteness.

The most **Delicious** and **Efficacious** dentrifice known.
It **Strengthens** the **Gums, Whitens** the **Teeth, Preserves** the **Enamel,** and leaves a **Delicious Fragrance** in the mouth.
Endorsed by the **most eminent Dentists of Europe,** and used by **all the Courts** thereof.
Sold by all Druggists.

BRADLEY, PRAY, & CO.,
Carriage Builders,
(Late of 558 Broadway,)
HAVE REMOVED
TO
25 UNION SQUARE,
NEW YORK.

Excelsior Portable Printing Presses
Do Your Own Printing
$9 Press for cards, labels, envelopes etc. Larger sizes for large work. **Business Men** do their printing and advertising, save money and increase trade. **Amateur Printing,** delightful pastime for spare hours. **BOYS** have great fun and make money fast at printing. Send two stamps for full catalogue presses type etc, to the Mfrs **KELSEY & CO. Meriden, Conn.**

LAWRENCE BROTHERS & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List. Baltimore, Md.

MAGIC LANTERNS
And 100 choice views for $85 and upward. For Churches and PUBLIC EXHIBITIONS. *A profitable business for a man with small capital.* ☞ Catalogues free.
M'ALLISTER, Mfg. Optician, 49 Nassau Street, N. Y.

Rare and Beautiful Flowers
and Choice Vegetables
CAN ALWAYS BE OBTAINED BY SOWING
BLISS'S SELECT GARDEN SEEDS.

Two New Tomatoes.
The CONQUEROR.
Ten days earlier than any other variety known.

Prof. Thurber, the well-known editor of the *Agriculturist*, thus describes it:

"I had over a dozen varieties, including this, among which were several novelties, as well as those accepted as standard varieties. All were treated precisely alike, from the time of sowing to that of fruiting. I think it a moderate statement to say that the Conqueror was ten days earlier than any other in the garden. By earliness I do not refer to the ripening of a single specimen, for the Conqueror ripened one fruit astonishingly early, but I mean that the vines of this would afford a good table supply at least ten days before those of any other variety. I would also add that in color, shape, and quality, this variety was highly satisfactory."

Price 25 cents per packet; 5 packets, $1 00.

The Golden Trophy.
a sport of the well known Trophy—and its counterpart in shape, size, and general appearance, of a rich golden yellow color, a valuable acquisition.
25 cents per packet; 5 packets, $1 00.

THE **Twentieth Annual Edition** of our celebrated **Seed Catalogue and Amateur's Guide to the Flower and Kitchen Garden,** contains about 200 pages, including several hundred finely-executed engravings of favorite flowers and vegetables, **and a beautifully-colored Lithograph,** is now in press, and will be mailed to all applicants upon receipt of **25 cents.** An edition elegantly bound in cloth, **$1 00.**

BLISS'S GARDENER'S ALMANAC and **Abridged Catalogue,** illustrated, contains upward of 100 pages, and embraces a Monthly Calendar of Operations and a price-list of all the leading **Garden, Field, and Flower Seeds,** with brief directions for their culture. A copy will be mailed to all applicants inclosing two 3-cent stamps.

Bliss's Abridged Catalogue without Almanac sent free. Address

B. K. BLISS & SONS,
34 BARCLAY STREET,
P. O. Box 5712. New York City.

"GOOD NIGHT" SHIRTS
$1.50 each by mail or express.
Don't go to bed without one
PEREGO, 85 Nassau St. N. Y.

ONE-THIRD OF A MILLION General Accident Policies written by the TRAVELERS LIFE AND ACCIDENT INSURANCE COMPANY, of Hartford, Conn. Oldest, Largest, and Best Accident Insurance Company.

ASBESTOS MATERIALS.
ROOFING, SHEATHING, BOILER FELTING, PAINTS (all colors), **CEMENTS,** &c., prepared ready for use. Send for Pamphlets, Price-Lists, &c. Liberal inducements to dealers.
☞ CAUTION.—The public are hereby cautioned against purchasing or using any materials for the above or similar purposes, purporting to contain *ASBESTOS*, unless they bear our name and dates of patents.
H. W. JOHNS, Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y. ESTABLISHED 1858.

KNABE Grand, Square, & Upright PIANOS,
New York House, No. 112 Fifth Ave.
WM. KNABE & CO., BALTIMORE and NEW YORK.

WINTER RESORT.
ROYAL VICTORIA HOTEL,
Nassau, N. P., Bahamas. T. J. PORTER, Prop'r.
For full information, address J. Lidgerwood & Co.,
Steamers sail every two weeks. 758 B'Way, N. Y.

"It should be in the hand of every American Boy and Girl."

Politics for Young Americans.
By CHARLES NORDHOFF,
Author of
"The Communistic Societies of the United States," "Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands," "California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," &c.
12mo, Cloth, $1 25.

Mr. Nordhoff has done a manly and beneficent work in the preparation of this book, which wise men of all parties will be glad to see their young people studying closely and understandingly.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

Mr. Charles Nordhoff, in his charming book just published, and which, let us say incidentally, ought to be in the hand of every American boy (and girl, too). * * * —*Baltimore Gazette.*

It is a book that should be in the hand of every American boy and girl. This book of Mr. Nordhoff's might be learned by heart. Each word has its value. Each enumerated section has its pith. It is a complete system of political science, economical and other, as applied to our American system.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"Politics for Young Americans" is a book based upon an excellent idea, which is admirably carried out in its contents. The book, though intended for the young, will by no means find its usefulness confined to that sphere. The elementary knowledge of this volume, therefore, will prove of general value. We commend it to universal reading and study.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

Mr. Nordhoff's "head is level," and we do wish most earnestly that some of our pompous legislators would read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the chapters, presented in simple and familiar language, touching "labor and capital" and "commerce and banking."—*Daily News*, Petersburg, Va.

Extract from a Letter by the HON. DAVID A. WELLS, *late U. S. Commissioner of Revenue:*

You have called your book "Politics for Young Americans." I have read it most carefully, and I think the word "young" in the title ought to be dropped; for there is no American, however familiar he may be with our public polity, but must experience both pleasure and profit in examining such a complete, clear, and at the same time truthful exhibit of the nature, functions, and, what is now even more important, the "limitations" of our government—the principles upon which it has been based and the motive powers which propel it.

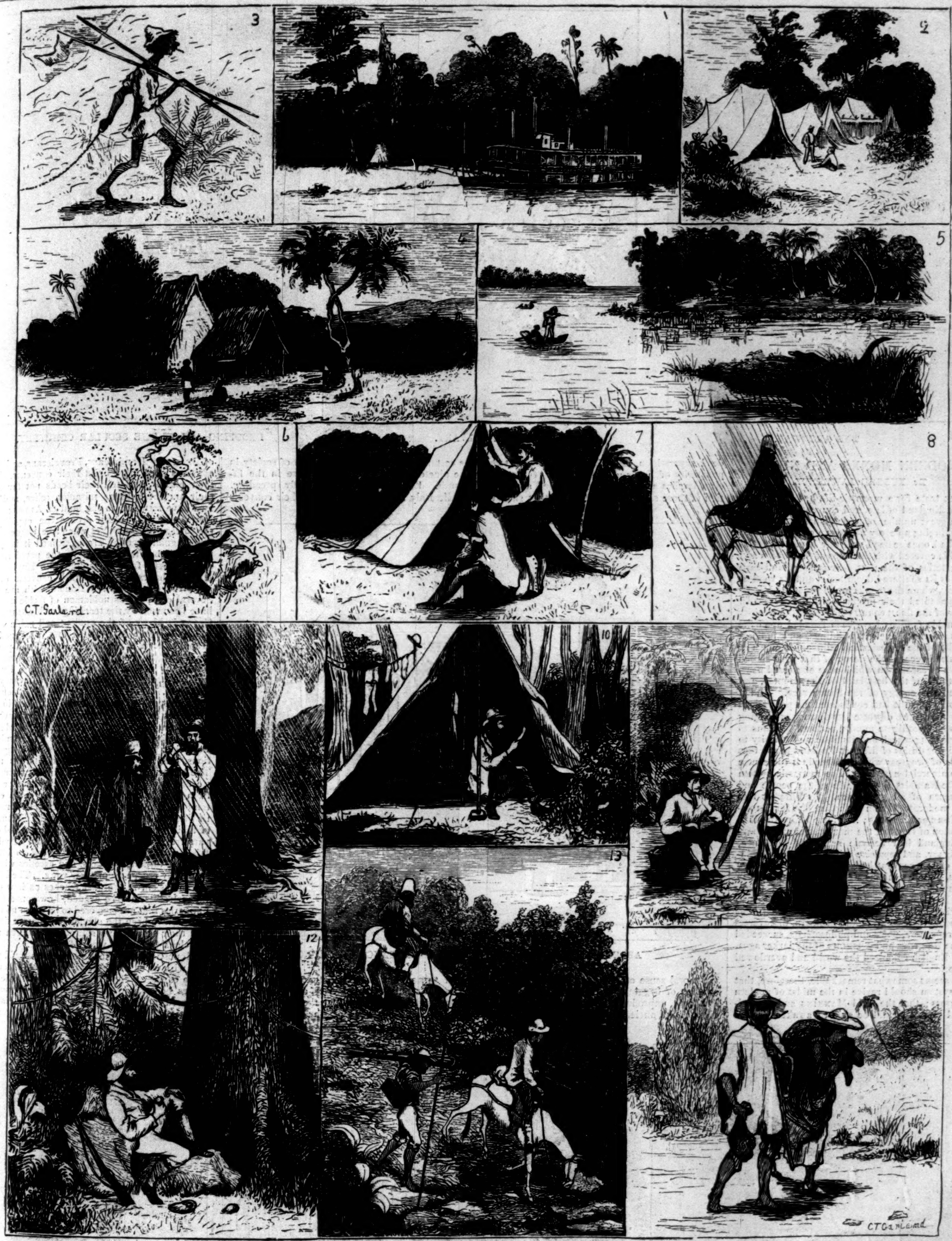
I truly believe that if some agency could be devised whereby every man, woman, and child (over ten or twelve years of age) in our country could be persuaded or compelled to read your book, that it would be productive of more good, and do more to perpetuate our free institutions and maintain a high standard of political and private morality than all the preaching, legislating, and convention "resolving" that will be done within the next five years.

I am aware that this is a pretty strong advisement, but if I knew how to make one stronger I would write it.

I am yours very truly,
DAVID A. WELLS.
NORWICH, Conn., Nov. 21, 1874.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of* $1 25.



1. Taking in Wood. 2. Our Camp. 3. Our Chairman. 4. Church—River Magdalena. 5. Bit of Sport. 6. Breakfast under Difficulties. 7. Sunday Morning. 8. A Tropical Shower. 9. Usual Style, 1.30 P.M. 10. Letters from Home. 11. Sunday in Camp. 12. A quiet Pipe. 13. A rough Road. 14. Going to Market.

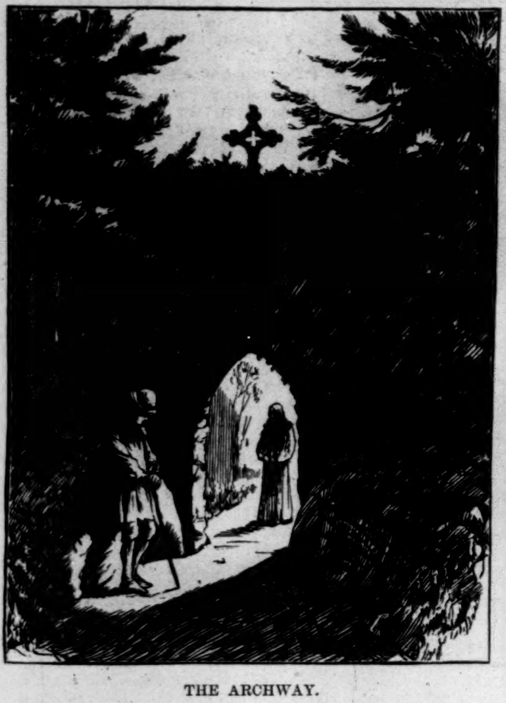
SKETCHES IN COLOMBIA.

SKETCHES IN COLOMBIA.

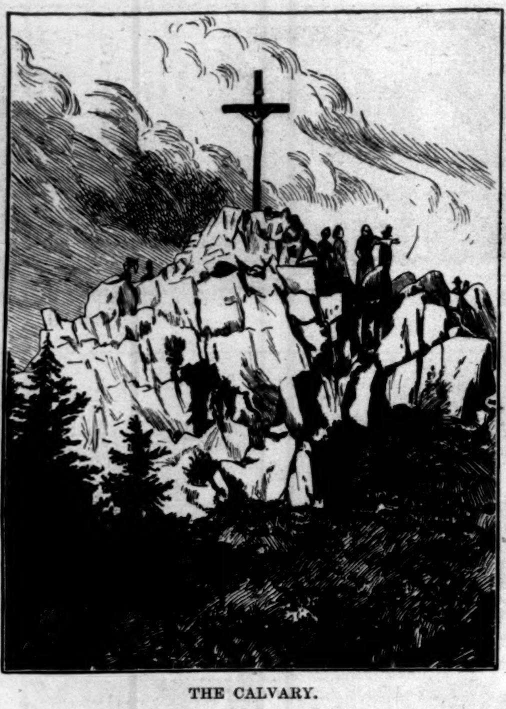
The accompanying engravings are from sketches made by a member of a recent exploring party in one of the most interesting regions of South America—the republic of Colombia—along the shores of that picturesque river, the Magdalena, which flows northward, on the eastern side of the Andes, into the Caribbean Sea. This river, which is in parts upward of a mile wide, is so shallow as to be navigable only by vessels of very light draught. Virgin forests on either side stretch away for miles and miles, and in their tangled recesses lurk boa-constrictors and poisonous serpents, jaguars, pumas, and other creatures of the feline tribe, thousands of monkeys, large and small, the sloth, the armadillo, and the ant-eater. The great river and its tributaries swarm with alligators and wild fowl, and myriads of flies render life almost unendurable in the lowlands. Besides all these, popular tradition reports the existence of two enormous species of quadruped, the panchique and the mancarita, in the vast forests that yet remain unexplored. These creatures have never been seen by white men, but their tracks, those of the first round, and those of the second marked with three great toes, have often been observed, it is said, in the mountains of Coconuco in Popayan, and at Piedecuesta in Santander; and it is affirmed that where the panchique has made its way through the forest the branches of the trees are broken off to the height of fifteen feet from the ground. Endless are the varieties of birds of gorgeous plumage, and of beautiful insects. Among the former are the tropial, the rival of the nightingale, and the bird called *sol y luna* (sun and moon), from its having the image of both on its wings.

Travel in Colombia is subject to many disagreeable incidents and annoyances, especially when the lines of general communication are left for the purpose of exploring the country. Among these annoyances, and by no means one of the least, is the continual assault of myriads of flies and mosquitoes, against which no means of protection are effectual. During the season of heavy rains the forests become almost impassable. Great tracts are turned into lakes, and the branches, overloaded with moisture, afford no shelter. Excellent sport abounds in the forests, and also along the rivers. Sometimes as many as fifty alligators may be seen together on one sand-bank, lazily basking in the sun, and waiting to snap up any thing that may come along in the way of food. The sportsman's rifle often gives them a disagreeable surprise.

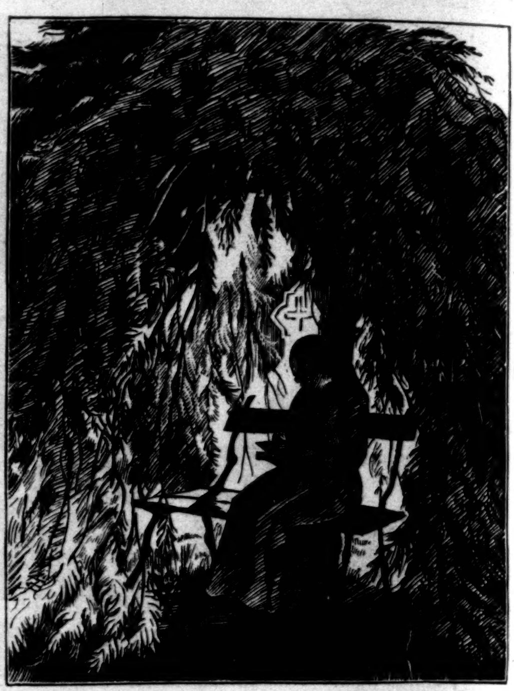
Many of the villages along the Magdalena are mere collections of huts, with a population varying from a few families to several hundred souls. The cities, however, are in general well built, and education is widely diffused. In the matter of primary instruction Colombia is among the most advanced of the South American states.



THE ARCHWAY.



THE CALVARY.

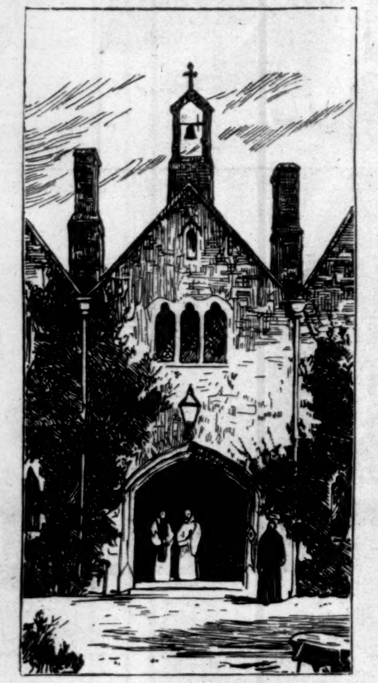


DROOPING ASH IN THE SECULAR CEMETERY.

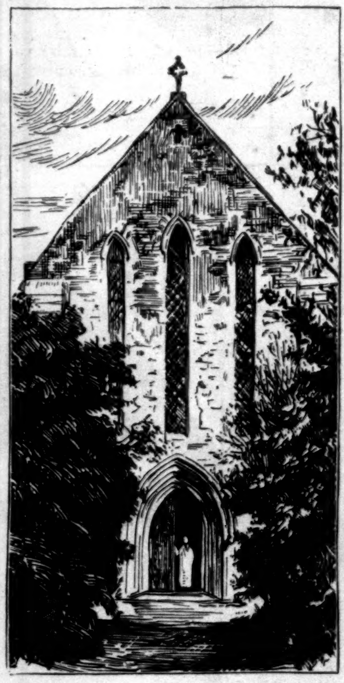
MODERN MONKS AND NUNS.

By EUGENE LAWRENCE.

The taste for a monastic life has grown rapidly in England of late, and convents, nunneries, and a great number of ecclesiastical institutions are springing up every where in a country whence they had once seemed perfectly banished. England is covered with the ruins of the abbeys and monasteries of the past. Scarcely a landscape but has its shattered dormitories and its roofless chapels, where the monks and nuns of the Middle Ages chanted their matins or told their beads. Many of the finest country-houses of the wealthy and noble families have been founded upon the ruins of these ancient buildings, and indicate the site of the ecclesiastical edifice. Woburn or Newstead records the decay of that wide-spread system of asceticism which once engrossed nearly a third of the best land of the country, and tainted the energy of the Saxon race. And it was only when it had confiscated the possessions of its anchorites, dispersed its throngs of begging friars and profligate monks, restored its nuns to the spinning-wheel, and its Sisters of Charity to the higher duties of life that England began that career of progress which has made it the centre of commercial activity. The monastic system perished amidst the ridicule of the people and the scorn of all good men. Its bitterest foes were moderate Roman Catholics, like Sir **Thomas More** or **Erasmus**; and long before the Reformation of **Luther** the monasteries and abbeys of England had become scenes of indolence, profligacy, and repulsive crime. The idle seclusion of the convent had produced its necessary fruits, and the monks were the chief agents in corrupting the community they preyed upon. The Reformation swept them away. Industry, activity, and good morals became the chief aims of society. **Raleighs** and **Sidneys**, discoverers and reformers, poets and philosophers, succeeded to the **Beckets** and **Anselms** of the darker ages. The English colonized the world and overflowed America.



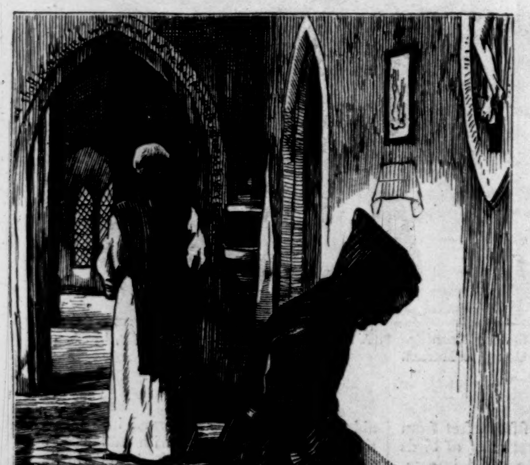
ABBEY ENTRANCE.



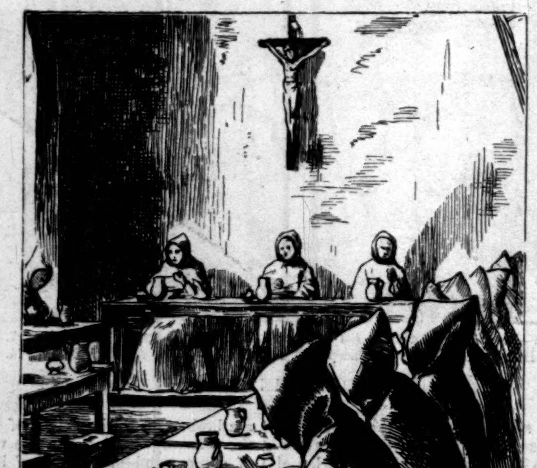
ENTRANCE TO CHURCH.

It seems somewhat remarkable, therefore, that the system should revive in the midst of modern progress; that the rigid **Manning** and the polished **Capel** should be able to awaken anew a dead superstition, and aim a sharp blow at the prosperity of England. A spread of monasticism implies a decay of the race, and a restoration of those sources of corruption that shocked the moral sense of **Erasmus** and **More**. The swarms of begging friars, the throngs of indolent and unproductive ascetics, the barbarous vices of the ancient nunneries and convents, are as certain to be fatal to the welfare of society in the nineteenth century as they were in the fifteenth. But the fashion is evidently spreading. While Italy and Rome have sold their convents and turned out their inmates to useful labor, London rebuilds its nunneries, and all papal England seems eager to restore the rule of a horde of ascetics. There are pilgrimages to the tomb of **Becket**. Dominicans, Franciscans, and Benedictines once more build their convents, chant their matins, and tell their beads not far from their ancient haunts; miracles, relics, and visions have returned to the land of **Alfred**, and Newstead and Woburn arouse the cupidity of the foreign priests. Yet when the elements of this singular reaction are examined it is found that with but few exceptions the papal revival comes chiefly from the influx into England of Irish Catholics. The English converts of the industrial classes to the Roman faith are few. Several conspicuous noblemen of feeble intellect have been won by the teachings of **Manning** and **Capel**. Many of the opulent and noble class, which, however, is a small one, weakened by license or torn by remorse, have fallen a prey to the formalism of Rome. Some Oxford students, and many of the young clergy of the English Church, are probably tainted by a dreamy superstition. Yet, by their own admission, the chief strength of the Roman Catholics in England lies in the large emigration from Ireland. It is from the uncultivated and half-barbarous Irish, trained by their priests to abject submission, that Dr. **Manning** gathers his congregations, fills his convents, and selects his nuns. The larger proportion of the English nunneries, we are told in *Fraser's Magazine*, are peopled from the Irish. Irishwomen are more easily tempted than any others to enter upon a monastic life, and are glad to exchange the discomforts of their native homes for the authority and comparative refinement of the convent. And the Irish young men are as easily led to become spiritual fathers, brothers, and ascetics who can so readily escape from their vows. The history of the system in the past teaches us how easily its restraints may be evaded, how convents and nunneries that are supposed to be given up to devotion have been the abodes of ignorant license, and their secrecy and solitude have been made the cloak for all the vices of idleness.

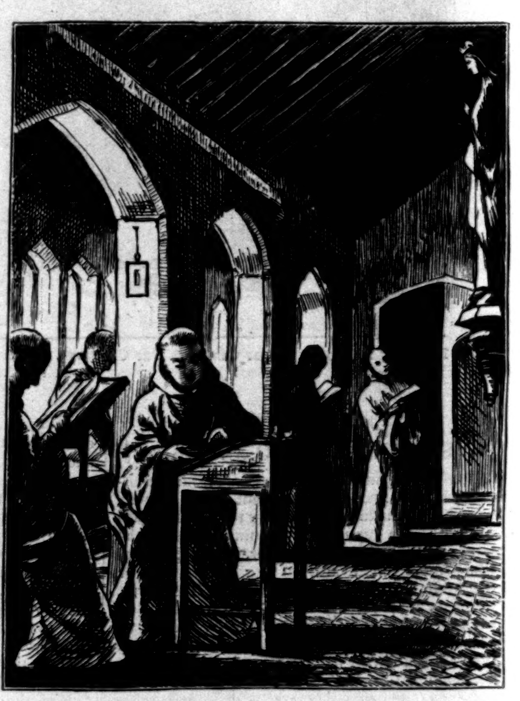
Monasticism has made almost as rapid progress with us as in England, and chiefly from the same cause. Wherever the Irish Catholic emigrates he takes with him the intense ignorance enforced in his native land. He is the slave of his priest. He knows nothing but the legendary



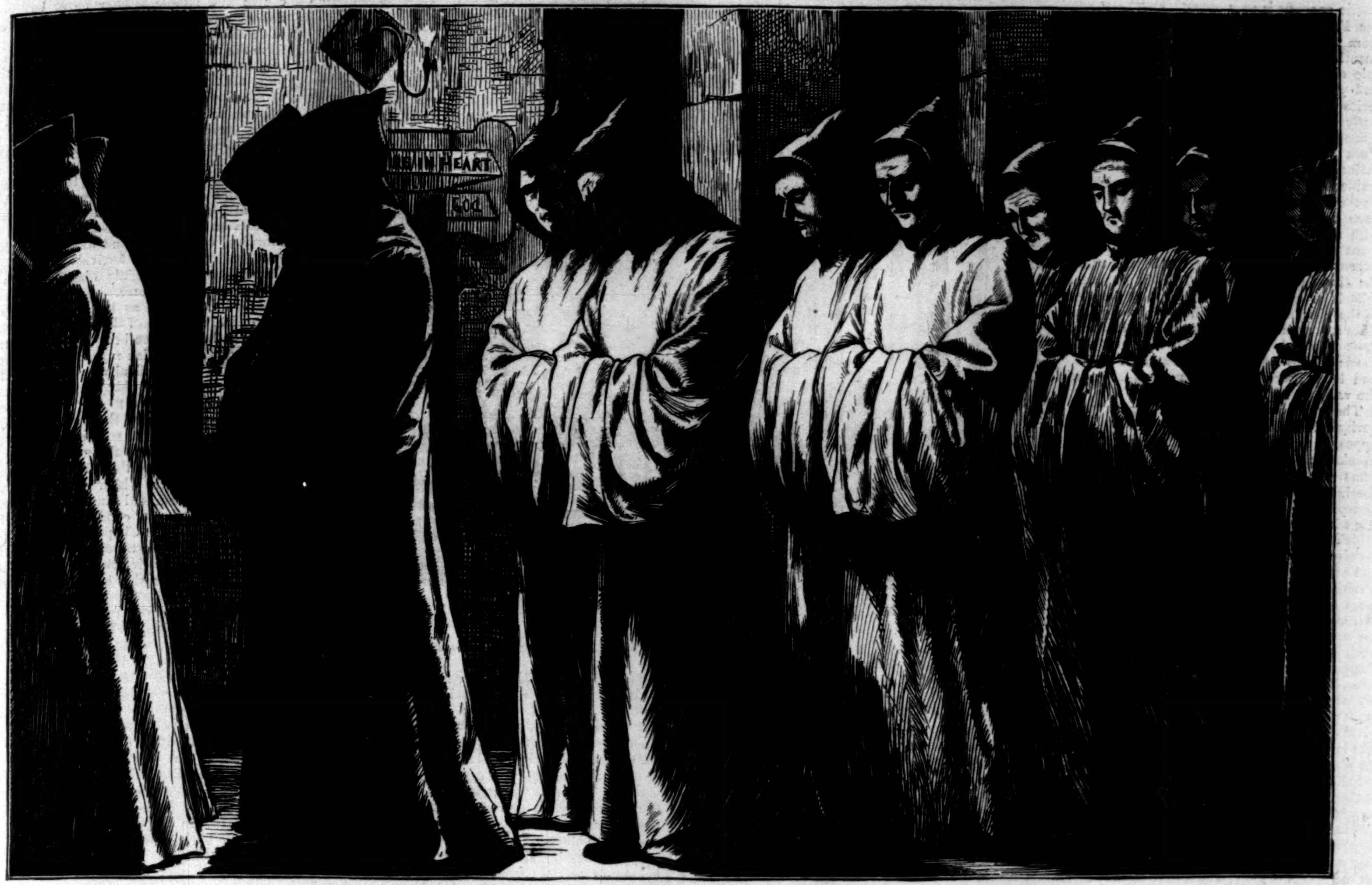
PENANCE AT THE STATIONS OF THE CROSS.



THE REFECTORY.

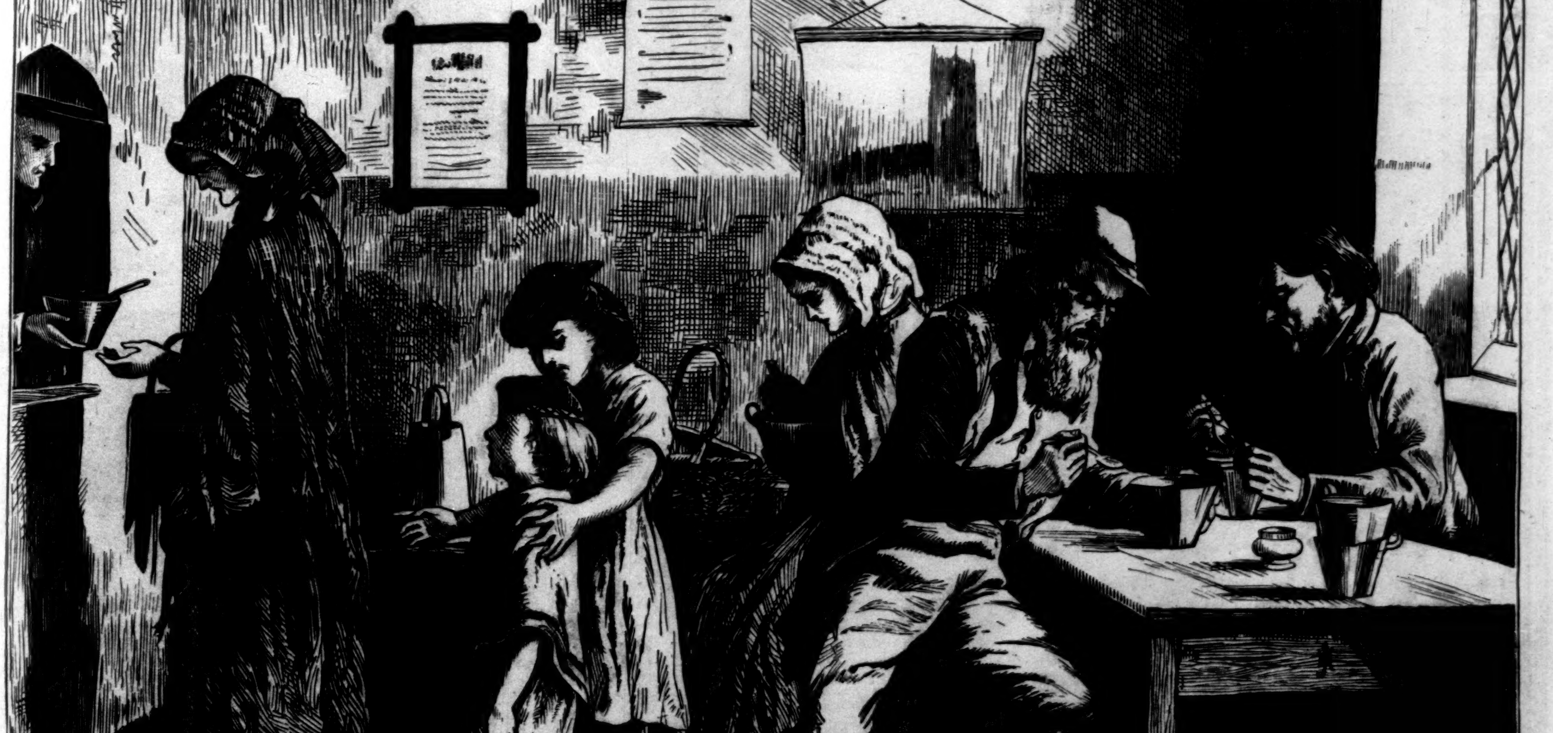


THE READING CLOISTERS.



MODERN MONKS AND NUNS—MATINS, 2 A.M.

teachings of his Church. To him freedom is an empty vision, and the idle monk or dissolute priest a messenger from Heaven. Hence the Irish carry with them the convent and the monastery wherever they go. In Boston or Cincinnati, on the banks of the Hudson or the shores of Huron and Erie, the Irish race fills the convents and nunneries, and the earnings of the industrious are squandered in providing for the support of the idle and often debased. The begging friars are already seen among us. Monks and sisters haunt the public ways. Pauperism and indolence are encouraged by a foreign superstition, and the fatal influence of priestcraft, which the founders of the republic hoped to have banished forever from our politics, has become a ruling power among us. In the city of New York we have monastic and papal institutions founded and maintained at the cost of the whole community. An orphan asylum, managed by priests and nuns, has obtained for a nominal price one of the most valuable pieces of ground in the city, and is partly maintained at the public expense. A cathedral is rising near it, which is also placed upon ground once the property of the people, and which has been secured to the dominant Church by a series of political intrigues. A foundling asylum has been founded and richly endowed by the city, exclusively under the control of priests and nuns, which embodies in its system of management the worst practices of foreign institutions of a similar nature, which is an incentive to immorality and the nursery of crime. The turning-box, secrecy, absolute and inscrutable mystery, which have long been banished from the London asylum, and even that of St. Petersburg, as dangerous to the public morals, are insisted upon in the management of the New York priests. The records of the asylum are even closed to the ministers of the law. No inspection nor public scrutiny is permitted by its sisterhood, and even a motion for an examination in one of the city courts was recently opposed upon the ground that the records were of a "confidential nature." It is impossible to tell what scenes of immorality may lie hidden beneath its monastic silence. Of the conventual and monastic schools supported by the city no



MODERN MONKS AND NUNS—IN THE ALMSHOUSE.